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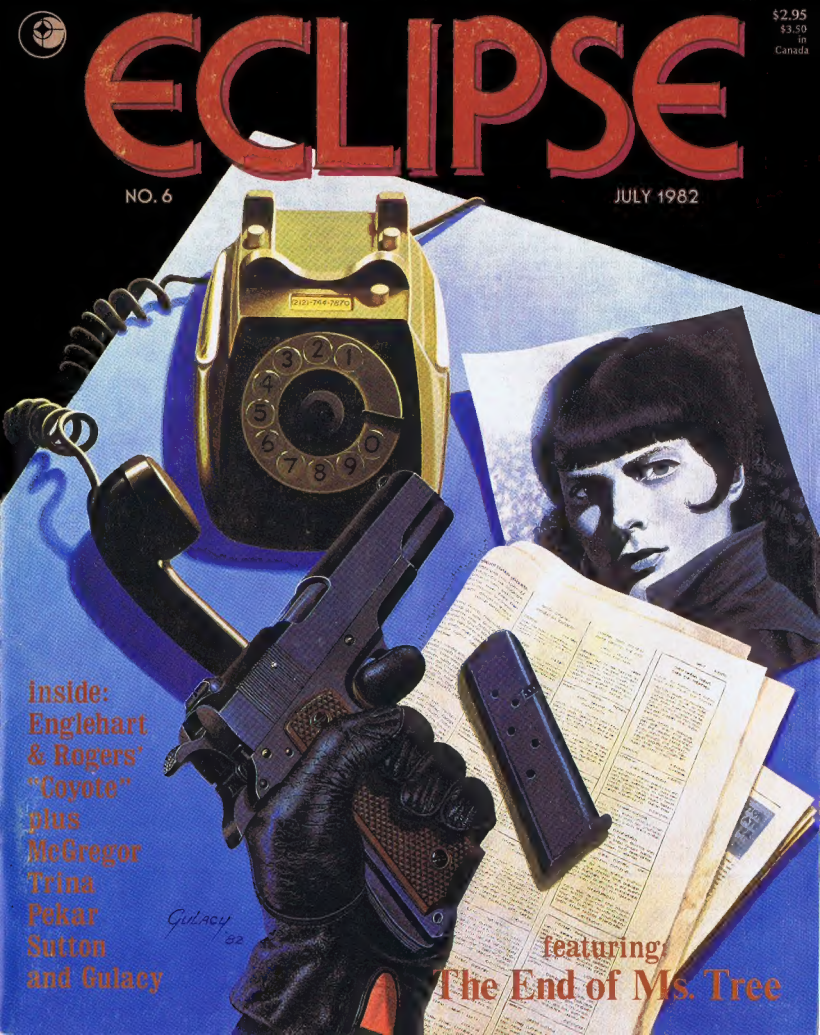
NO. 6

JULY 1982



inside:
Englehart & Rogers' "Coyote"
plus
McGregor
Trina
Pekar
Sutton
and Gulacy

featuring:
The End of Ms. Tree

ELFQUEST III PORTFOLIO
by Wendy Pini

The Elfquest portfolios by Wendy Pini have proved themselves among the most popular ever published. Both *Elfquest I* and *Elfquest II* are long out of print and are commanding top collector's prices. Schanes & Schanes is pleased to announce the third release in this fabulous series: *Elfquest III*.

Elfquest III will be released in two editions. The regular edition will feature twelve delightful color plates, each 9¼" × 12¼", a full-figure portrait of one of the principal members of the Wolfriders tribe—the hardy characters that populate the Elfquest saga. These portraits originally appeared as the back covers to *Elfquest Comics* #1 through #12. They are now reproduced on heavy coated art stock, ready for display. In addition, Ms. Pini has created a stunning new full-color piece of art for the cover of the presentation folder that holds the plates. The interior plates are reproduced in color on the back cover. We have commissioned a special Mylar "snug" for this edition, to protect the portfolio and enhance the cover. This high-quality production, *Elfquest III* regular edition (unsigned), sells for only $12.00.

There will also be a deluxe signed and numbered limited edition for collectors. This portfolio contains two additional color plates, *never before published*, along with the other twelve. The cover will repeat the artwork of the regular edition, but will be specially foil-stamped for a more impressive presentation. This edition will be limited to only 3,000 copies, each hand-signed by Wendy Pini. The Mylar "snug" is included. Price of the deluxe edition is $25.00. Publication date is June, 1982.

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ECLIPSE

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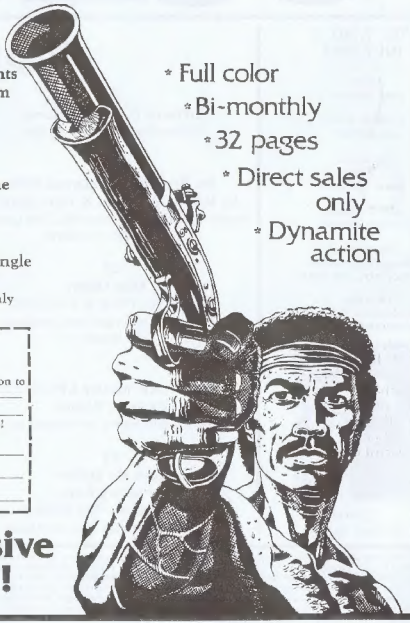

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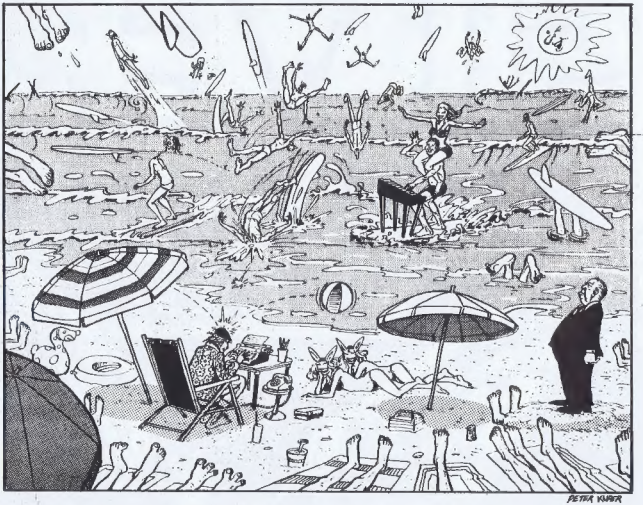


EDITORIAL: Two Girls for Every Boy

Every so often we get a letter like the one we did today. Addressing my brother Jan and me, the writer adds a postscript: "Are you the same guys who recorded all those surfin' songs in the early '60s?"

I think it would be funny to say, "Yes! We publish *Eclipse* when not doing concerts around the country!" But, Jan never drove a Sting Ray with French tail lights into Deadman's Curve, and I never sang the falsetto part on *Barbara Ann* with the Beach Boys. In short, folks, we're not *that* Jan and Dean . . . although each of us has played an instrument and studied classical music since we were wee small. And, in fact, our father was a vice president of Laurie Records for a number of years, having worked with the likes of Dion, Melanie, The Royal Guardsmen, The Left Banke and others.

Yet we naturally have a particular fondness for our namesakes. Me especially, since when Jan and Dean's first big hit, *Baby Talk*, came out I was the exact age to appreciate Dean Torrence singing: "I am only five years old, and my baby's three . . ."

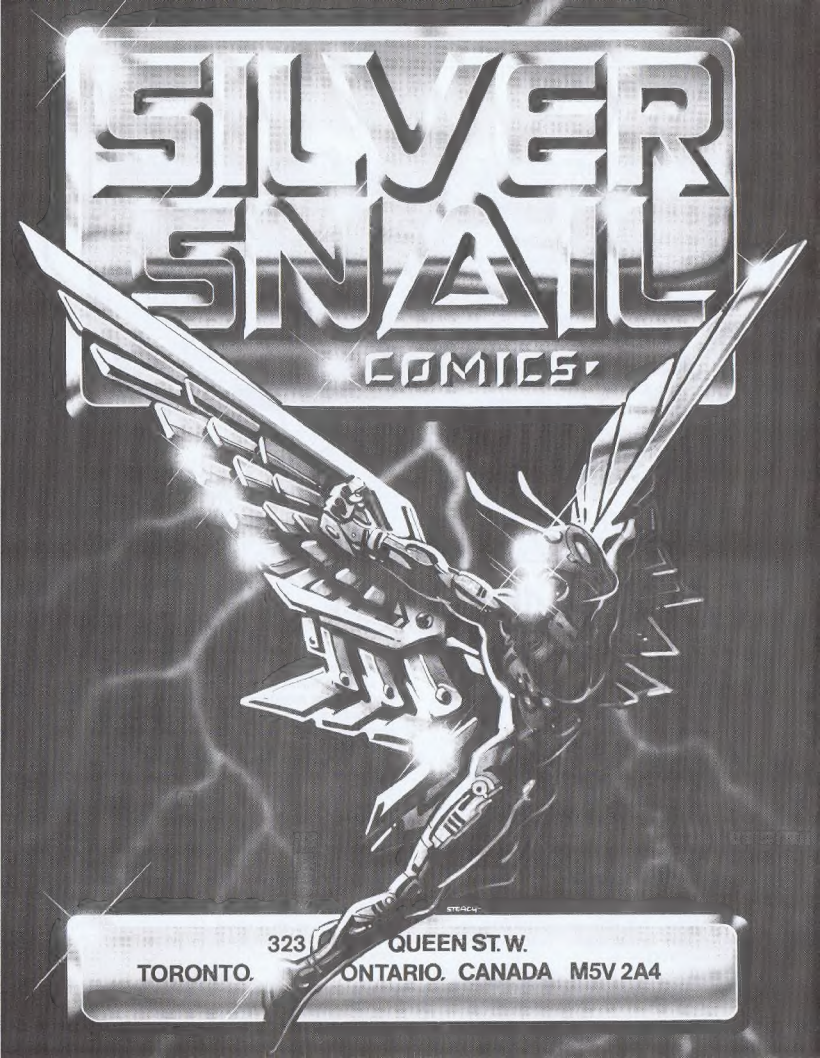
The inception of Eclipse Enterprises can also be directly attributed to our family's musical endeavors. When I decided in 1977 to start a comics company, I asked Jan if he would be willing to finance me. Since here we are five years later still publishing, he obviously said "yes." While that part is pretty much known, what is not general knowledge is that Eclipse Enterprises was financed for the first three years by Jan's various gigs. A couple of our first comics, for example, were made possible when Jan toured cross country with Bad Company and the Bee Gees.

So that makes two pairs of Jan and Deans who have rock'n'roll to thank for their success!

Our "music connection" goes one step further this issue. In addition to producing records, Jan's the keyboard player in The Lenny Kaye Connection. A quick glance at the Contents Page reveals that Lenny's lyrics to *Luke the Drifter* have been illustrated by Eclipse regular Paul Gulacy.

Well, that's it for now, folks. I gotta go ride the wild surf with the new girl in school. Two girls for every boy? Nyaaah, there's only one seat in my Bucket-T. Surf City here I come! Vroooooom!!

Dean Mullaney, Editor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COMICS
323
QUEEN ST. W.
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Mr. TREE

"I, FOR AN EYE"

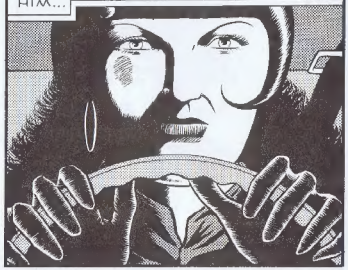
by Max Collins & Terry Beatty

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I WAS OUT- WHEN I WOKE UP, CHICK WAS AT MY SIDE...
ARE YOU OKAY, MICHAEL?
DID YOU STOP HIM? DID YOU GET HIM?
NO - I GRABBED MY GUN AND WENT AFTER HIM, BUT WHEN I GOT OUT TO THE HALL, HE WAS GONE...
"I LOOKED DOWN THE STAIRWELL AND SAW NO SIGN OF HIM - SO I TOOK THE ELEVATOR DOWN AND QUESTIONED THE DOORMAN, AND HE HADN'T SEEN ANYTHING -"
"BUT THERE'S A SERVICE ENTRANCE IN BACK, AND AN ALLEY BEHIND THE BUILDING," CHICK CONTINUED, "AND I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF A CAR PULLING OUT OF THE ALLEY, FAST - COULD'VE BEEN HIM."
NO PARKING
DID YOU GET THE LICENSE NUMBER? THE MAKE?
I DIDN'T CATCH THE LICENSE, BUT IT WAS A DATSUN 280 ZX, CANDY-APPLE RED. WHOEVER IT WAS, HE MAKES GOOD DOUGH FOR A CAT BURGLAR.
IS THAT WHAT HE WAS?
WHAT ELSE?
HE WENT STRAIGHT FOR MY PURSE, CHICK - HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS AFTER -

WHAT WAS HE AFTER ?
NEVER MIND.
ISN'T IT TIME YOU LEVELLED WITH ME ?
I SUPPOSE. HE TOOK AN ADDRESS BOOK THAT I FOUND IN MIKE'S EFFECTS...
JUST WHAT'S THE SIGNIFIGANCE OF THIS BOOK ?
I DON'T REALLY KNOW. IF YOU'D CAUGHT THAT INTRUDER, MAYBE HE COULD TELL US.
WHAT'S THAT CRACK SUPPOSED TO MEAN ?
NOTHING. I'M JUST FEELING GUILTY, AND THAT MAKES ME BITCHY.
GUILTY ABOUT SLEEPING WITH ME ?
THAT'S RIGHT — BUT IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT —
I'D LIKE TO THINK I HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT —
WHATEVER THE CASE, WE WON'T BE REPEATING. NOT TILL MIKE'S KILLER IS IN THE GROUND.
3

WELL, MIKE, I ENDED UP IN YOUR BEST FRIEND'S BED; AND REVENGE WAS SWEET – BUT GETTING EVEN WITH YOU FOR WHAT YOU HELD BACK FROM ME – NAMELY, A PREVIOUS WIFE AND A SON – WAS SMALL STAKES.

FINDING YOUR KILLER WAS STILL TOP PRIORITY – AND I COULD'VE KICKED MYSELF: I HAD THE KILLER IN MY GRASP, AT CHICK'S, AND LOST HIM...



BUT MY STOCKY FRIEND, WHOEVER HE WAS – AND HE WAS ALMOST CERTAINLY THE SAME INTRUDER WHO'D TAKEN A SHOT AT ME AFTER RANSACKING YOUR APARTMENT, NOT LONG AGO – NOW HAD THE BOOK...

ONLY I DID, TOO.

I HAD PHOTOCOPIED THE BOOK, JUST TO PLAY IT SAFE – SO WHILE I HAD SHARED MY KNOWLEDGE, MIKE, I HADN'T LOST IT...

THE QUESTION WAS, DID SOMEONE LISTED IN THIS BOOK WANT IT? OR DID SOMEONE WANT THE NAMES TO START KILLING – THE FIRST NAME I'D CALLED ON, ROGER FREEMONT, LAY NEAR DEATH –

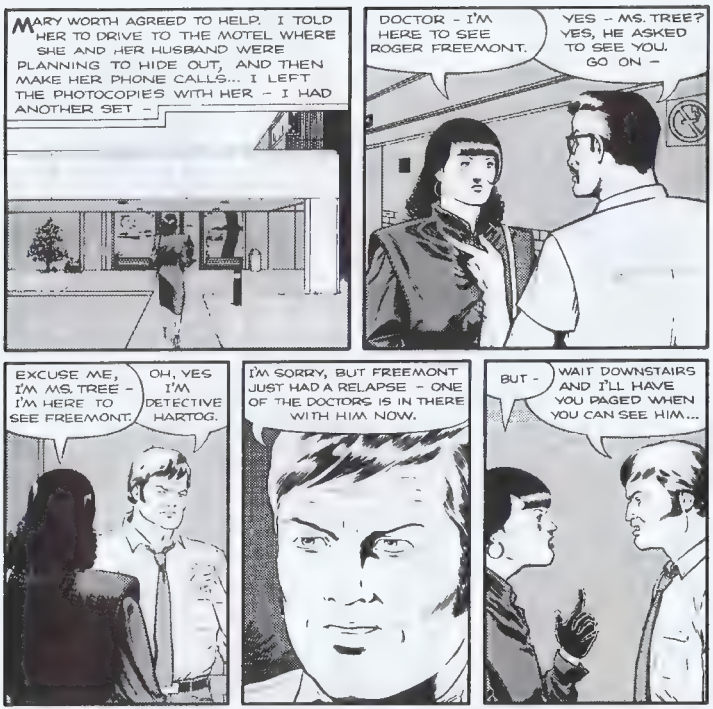
CAN I HAVE A MINUTE, MS. TREE, I - JESUS, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU ?
JUST A LOVE PAT, DAN. SIT DOWN.
CAN YOU EXPLAIN TO ME WHY ROGER WAS SHOT ?
THIS CASE, WHATEVER IT WAS, WAS SO CONFIDENTIAL, SO DANGEROUS, THE REST OF US IN THE AGENCY COULDN'T BE LET IN ON IT —
SO MIKE AND ROGER OPENED A SEPARATE OFFICE, IN THAT FLOPHOUSE DISTRICT, TO FURTHER ISOLATE THE INVESTIGATION ?
THAT'S RIGHT. AND WHEN THE CASE DID PROVE AS DANGEROUS AS THEIR PRECAUTIONS WOULD INDICATE THEY BELIEVED...
ROGER PULLED THAT STUNT, AFTER THE FUNERAL — BEING SUCH AN OBNOXIOUS ASSHOLE YOU'D HAVE TO FIRE HIM.
WHICH I DID. AND HE KEPT INVESTIGATING, OUT OF THAT OFFICE - TILL I LED THE KILLER TO HIM.
WHAT CAN I DO, MS. TREE ? IT'S TIME I GOT INTO THIS...
5

I'VE GOT A JOB I THINK YOU'LL LIKE – HOW 'BOUT DRIVING A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE SOMEPLACE, AND HIDING OUT WITH HER ?
WHAT'S THE CATCH ?
HER ELEVEN YEAR-OLD SON'LL BE ALONG.
TERRIFIC
I SENT DAN OFF TO GET HIS SUITCASE – AND GUN – AND CAUGHT ANNE TREE AT HOME –
ANNE, THIS IS MICHAEL TREE – I WANT YOU TO LISTEN CAREFULLY –
DROP EVERYTHING ? GET MIKE OUT OF SCHOOL ?
I THINK YOUR LIFE MAY BE IN DANGER – I'M SENDING AN OPERATIVE TO PUT YOU IN MY PROTECTIVE CUSTODY –
DON'T SAY I NEVER DID YOU ANY FAVORS, SMARTASS –
EVERYONE ON THAT LIST STOOD TO BE IN DANGER – I STARTED IN ON THE NAMES I HADN'T CONTACTED YET –
IT WAS MID-DAY AS I TRIED HER BUSINESS NUMBER –
IS MS SMITHERS IN ? NO ? SHE'S AT HOME ? HER MARRIED NAME IS WHAT ?
6

I'D LIKE TO SEE MRS WORTH
SHE ISN'T HERE – GO AWAY –
GUESS AGAIN.
UH – COME IN.
WHO ARE YOU ?
I'M FRANK WORTH – MARY'S HUSBAND! PLEASE
MS. TREE! LEAVE US ALONE, WOULD YOU PLEASE ?
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE ?
I'M PACKING. WE'RE GETTING THE HELL OUT OF HERE, WHAT DO YOU THINK ?
I THINK THAT'S A GOOD IDEA.
WELL, WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE EXPLAIN IT TO ME ? I CAN'T JUST WALK AWAY FROM MY JOB AT THE BANK –
SHUT-UP, FRANK – JUST SHUT-UP! I'M SAVING YOUR LIFE, WHETHER YOU KNOW IT OR NOT.
7

I'M IN FAVOR OF YOU GOING INTO HIDING, FOR A DAY OR TWO AT LEAST –
THEN GET OUT OF OUR WAY.
DON'T BULLY ME, LADY – I'M NOT YOUR HUSBAND!
I WANT SOME ANSWERS.
WELL... WHAT ARE THE QUESTIONS?
WHAT SUB ROSA INVESTIGATION WAS ASSISTANT DA EDWARDS UNDERTAKING WITH MY HUSBAND'S HELP – AND YOURS?
WHAT DO YOU THINK? CITY CORRUPTION – GRAFT. IT INCLUDED OUR OWN BOSS, THE DA.
SPECIFICALLY.
SPECIFICALLY, WE KNEW OF A CASE INVOLVING MOB HIGHER-UPS THAT SHOULD'VE GONE TO TRIAL. IT DIDN'T. THE EVIDENCE... WELL, IT DISAPPEARED.
8

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS - TELL ME HOW MANY NAMES YOU RECOGNIZE. IN THE MEANTIME, DO YOU MIND IF I USE YOUR PHONE ?
CAN I STOP YOU ?
EFFIE, HAVE YOU HEARD FROM DAN ? GOOD. GOOD.
THERE'S A MESSAGE HERE FROM THE HOSPITAL. ROGER FREEMONT HAS COME OUT OF HIS COMA, AND WANTS TO TALK TO YOU...
I THINK THAT CAN BE ARRANGED. THANKS, EFFIE.
WELL ?
I KNOW ALL THE NAMES EXCEPT ONE: ANNE TREE. IS SHE A RELATIVE ?
YES. AND THE OTHERS ?
WITNESSES, INFORMANTS, SOME OF THEM WITHIN CITY GOVERNMENT. IT'S THE CASE EDWARDS AND YOUR HUSBAND BUILT.
HAVE YOU DEALT WITH THESE PEOPLE ? ARE YOU WILLING TO TAKE THE TIME TO WARN THEM ?
9


MARY WORTH AGREED TO HELP. I TOLD HER TO DRIVE TO THE MOTEL WHERE SHE AND HER HUSBAND WERE PLANNING TO HIDE OUT, AND THEN MAKE HER PHONE CALLS... I LEFT THE PHOTOCOPIES WITH HER - I HAD ANOTHER SET -
DOCTOR - I'M HERE TO SEE ROGER FREEMONT.
YES - MS. TREE? YES, HE ASKED TO SEE YOU. GO ON -
EXCUSE ME, I'M MS. TREE - I'M HERE TO SEE FREEMONT.
OH, YES I'M DETECTIVE HARTOG.
I'M SORRY, BUT FREEMONT JUST HAD A RELAPSE - ONE OF THE DOCTORS IS IN THERE WITH HIM NOW.
BUT -
WAIT DOWNSTAIRS AND I'LL HAVE YOU PAGED WHEN YOU CAN SEE HIM...
JJ
JJ
10

NO-
NO-
YOU'RE PRACTICING WITHOUT A LICENSE, "DOCTOR" – MAYBE YOU NEED A SHOT –
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE IN THIS HYPO, PAL, BUT I BET YOU DON'T WANT AN INJECTION OF IT.

WHAT – WHAT DO YOU WANT?
SOME ANSWERS.
HE GAVE THEM TO ME. SO DID ROGER.
WHO – WHO DID YOU TURN HARTOG OVER TO?
I CALLED CHAMBERS, WITH INTERNAL AFFAIRS.
GOOD. HE'S NASTY, BUT TRUSTWORTHY.
NOW THAT YOU KNOW, WHAT ARE YOU . WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO... DO?
HANDLE IT MYSELF, OF COURSE.
THEN WHAT?
THEN I'M GOING TO TELL EFFIE TO CANCEL OUR AD FOR A NEW INVESTIGATOR.
BECAUSE YOU'RE COMING BACK TO WORK FOR ME, WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH LOAFING...
12

MICHAEL - WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ?
CAN I COME IN ?
OF COURSE. WHAT'S UP ?
YOUR HANDS, FUCKER.
KLIK
MICHAEL ?
SHUT-UP. SHUT-UP. LET ME DECIDE IF I WANT TO SEE YOU DIE SLOW OR JUST DIE.
I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN EVER GET RID OF THE SICK FEELING I HAVE, FROM HAVING MADE IT WITH YOU. I COULD USE A BATH RIGHT NOW - MAYBE A BLOOD BATH WOULD DO.
MICHAEL - YOU'RE WRONG. WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, IT'S WRONG.
NO. YOUR STOCKY STOOGE HARTOG TOLD ME. SO DID ROGER. AND SO DOES THE REST OF THE EVIDENCE, CIRCUMSTANTIAL THOUGH IT MAY BE.
"MIKE NEVER TOLD ME WHY HE QUIT THE FORCE - 'PERSONAL REASONS,' HE SAID - MY GUESS IS HE FOUND OUT YOU WERE KNEE-DEEP IN GRAFT AND COULDN'T TURN YOU IN..."
"BUT YOU STAYED FRIENDS, NEVERTHELESS - YOU WERE EVEN BEST MAN AT HIS WEDDING, HOURS BEFORE YOU LED A HITMAN TO HIM!"
MICHAEL, IT'S THE MOB - I ADMIT I'M DIRTY BUT I DIDN'T SET MIKE UP. THE MOB DID IT ALL!
13

I DON'T THINK SO. I THINK YOU ASKED THE MOB FOR HELP, NOT THE OTHER WAY AROUND.
YOU WERE THE FOCUS OF THE INVESTIGATION, NOT THE MOB – YOU AND OTHER CROOKED COPS AND THE CROOKED D.A.
I LOVED MIKE. I WOULDN'T HURT HIM.
SHUT-UP! YOU HAD HIM KILLED, CHICK!
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN – I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN AN INVESTIGATION LAUNCHED SECRETLY BY AN ASSISTANT D.A. WOULD INVOLVE CITY CORRUPTION –
"BUT YOU TRIED TO SEND ME DOWN A BLIND ALLEY, LOOKING INTO EDWARD'S PRIVATE LIFE, CHICK – WHEN ALL HIS WIFE COULD SAY WAS HE WAS 'UNHAPPY AT WORK'! WITH A CROOKED BOSS, WHY SHOULDN'T HE BE ?"
WHAT SHOULD REALLY HAVE TOLD ME WAS MIKE'S FAILING TO TELL YOU, HIS BEST FRIEND, ABOUT THE SUB ROSA INVESTIGATION –
HE TOLD YOU EVERYTHING ELSE. YOU KNEW ABOUT ANNE TREE AND LITTLE MIKE. BUT HE COULDN'T TRUST YOU WITH THIS PROBLEM – BECAUSE HE'D DISCOVERED YOU WERE THE PROBLEM.
14

WHEN I STARTED TO INVESTIGATE, YOU HAD ME FOLLOWED – AND SAW ME USING THAT ADDRESS BOOK, THAT WRITTEN RECORD OF THE INVESTIGATION YOUR APARTMENT RANSACKING HADN'T TURNED UP. FINALLY YOU LURED ME HERE, WHERE YOU KEPT ME BUSY, WHILE HARTOG STOLE THE BOOK .. YOU PRETENDED TO PURSUE HIM, COMING BACK WITH A SPECIFIC DESCRIPTION OF A CAR, AND NO LICENSE NUMBER.
I NOTICE YOU'VE STOPPED DENYING ANY OF THIS.
WELL, DO IT. GET IT THE HELL OVER WITH
ALL RIGHT.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
CALLING THE COPS. THE REAL COPS.
YOU'RE GOING TO PRISON, CHICK.
PRISON? BUT –
LOTS OF YOUR FRIENDS, THERE – PEOPLE YOU SENT UP. THEY'LL RAPE YOU. THEY'LL KILL YOU. IT'LL BE FUN.
SHOOT ME, MICHAEL! SPARE ME THE DISGRACE – SPARE ME THE... HUMILIATION.
NO.
15

WELL, MIKE – IT'S OVER. YOUR KILLER AWAITS TRIAL, AND ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH. AND I CAN FACE TOMORROW.
OH – MS. TREE – I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND RUNNING INTO US AGAIN.
NO. NOT AT ALL.
I'M WORRIED ABOUT MIKE JR. HE HASN'T CRIED YET. HE LIKES YOU – WOULD YOU...?
SURE.
MIKE – IT'S ALL RIGHT. YOU MISS HIM. SO DO I. IT'S ALL RIGHT TO CRY.
THE END

—FOR MICKEY—

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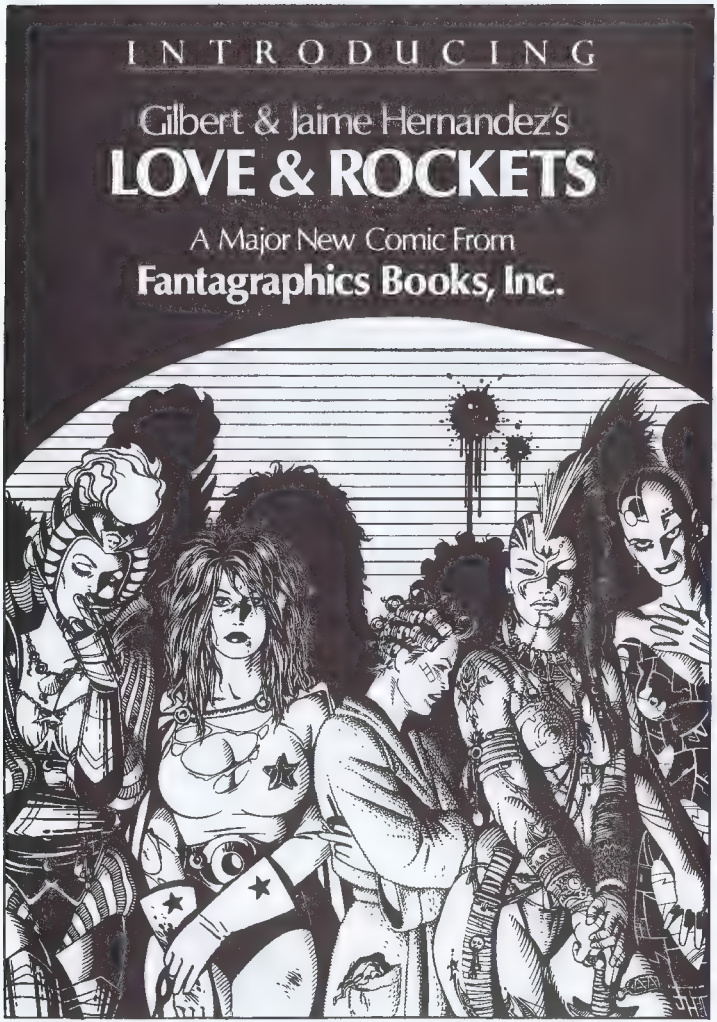
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LOVE & ROCKETS
A Major New Comic From
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ALICE QUINN

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HARVEY PEKAR

DRAWINGS BY
S. CAVEY

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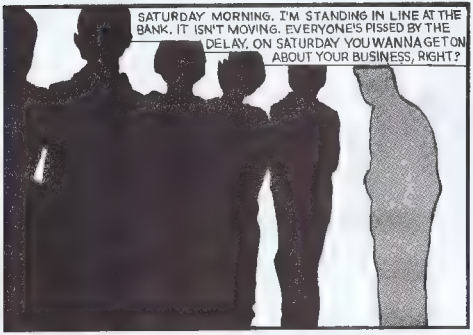
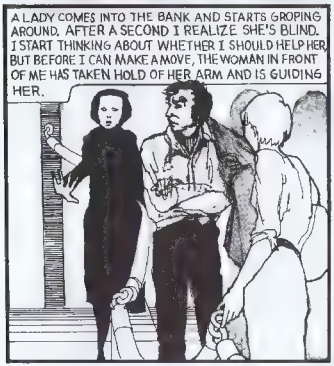
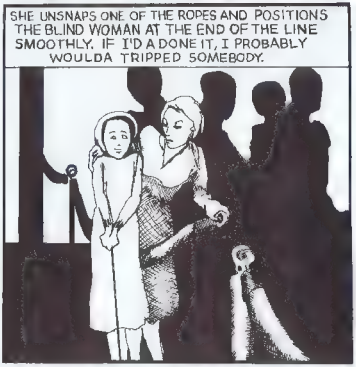
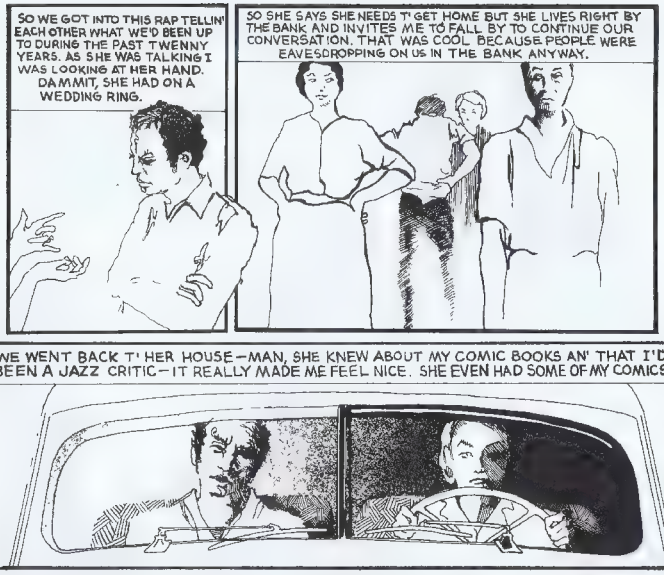

SATURDAY MORNING. I'M STANDING IN LINE AT THE BANK. IT ISN'T MOVING. EVERYONE'S PISSED BY THE DELAY. ON SATURDAY YOU WANNA GET ON ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS, RIGHT?

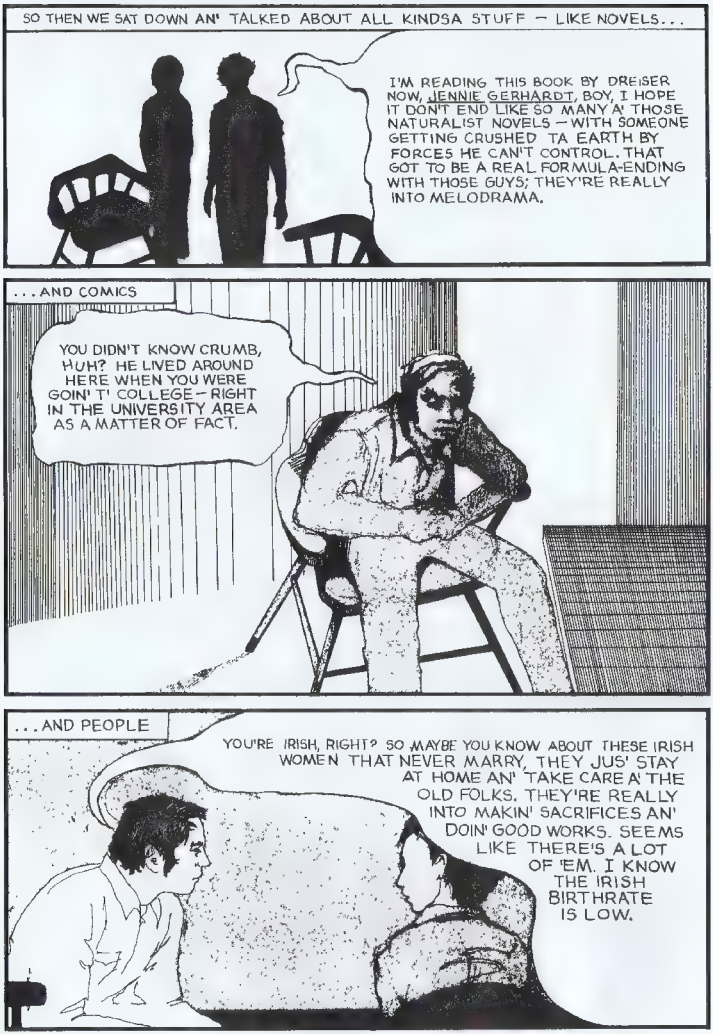
IN FRONT OF ME, AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN ABOUT MY AGE CATCHES MY EYE. NOT THAT SHE'S THAT FANTASTIC LOOKING, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING KIND OF NICE ABOUT HER, AND ALSO SOMETHING VAGUELY FAMILAR.


A LADY COMES INTO THE BANK AND STARTS GROPING AROUND. AFTER A SECOND I REALIZE SHE'S BLIND. I START THINKING ABOUT WHETHER I SHOULD HELP HER, BUT BEFORE I CAN MAKE A MOVE, THE WOMAN IN FRONT OF ME HAS TAKEN HOLD OF HER ARM AND IS GUIDING HER.


SHE UNSNAPS ONE OF THE ROPES AND POSITIONS THE BLIND WOMAN AT THE END OF THE LINE SMOOTHLY. IF I'D A DONE IT, I PROBABLY WOULDA TRIPPED SOMEBODY.

THE LINE GETS MOVING AGAIN, I TAKE CARE OF BUSINESS AND START TO LEAVE, BUT THIS WOMAN STOPS ME.
ARENT YOU HARVEY PEKAR?
UH, YEAH.
I'M ALICE QUINN.
ALICE QUINN, OH MY GOD!
WHAT A TIME TO MEET ALICE QUINN, JUST A COUPLE MONTHS AFTER MY SECOND MARRIAGE HAD BUSTED UP.
I'D KNOWN ALICE QUINN MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS AGO. I'D GONE TO COLLEGE FOR A WHILE, AND A FEW TIMES I'D TALKED TO HER IN A GROUP OF PEOPLE WHILE WE WERE SITTING AROUND THE STUDENT UNION. I DON'T REMEMBER EVER TALKING TO HER ALONE THOUGH.
I'D HEARD SHE HAD A TERRIFIC CRUSH ON A GUY I KNEW THAT I THOUGHT HAD NOTHING ON THE BALL. HE THOUGHT SHE WAS A NUISANCE AND THE WHOLE BUSINESS REALLY BOTHERED ME.
HE'S SUCH A MORON AND SHE'S SO BRIGHT AND CUTE. HE DOESN'T EVEN DESERVE HER. WHY DOES SHE THROW HERSELF AT HIM? HOW COME WOMEN LIKE THAT DON'T DIG ME?
SO ANYWAY, I'D NEVER FORGOTTON THIS GIRL. EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE I'D THINK ABOUT HER, HOW WE'D A DONE IF WE'D WENT TOGETHER. YOU KNOW HOW YOU DAYDREAM. AN' ANYWAY THERE SHE WAS STANDING IN FRONT OF ME. WOW !


SO WE GOT INTO THIS RAP TELLIN' EACH OTHER WHAT WE'D BEEN UP TO DURING THE PAST TWENNY YEARS. AS SHE WAS TALKING I WAS LOOKING AT HER HAND. DAMMIT, SHE HAD ON A WEDDING RING.
SO SHE SAYS SHE NEEDS T' GET HOME BUT SHE LIVES RIGHT BY THE BANK AND INVITES ME TO FALL BY TO CONTINUE OUR CONVERSATION. THAT WAS COOL BECAUSE PEOPLE WERE EAVESDROPPING ON US IN THE BANK ANYWAY.
WE WENT BACK T' HER HOUSE—MAN, SHE KNEW ABOUT MY COMIC BOOKS AN' THAT I'D BEEN A JAZZ CRITIC—IT REALLY MADE ME FEEL NICE. SHE EVEN HAD SOME OF MY COMICS.
WE GET BACK TO 'ER PLACE AN' SHE INTRODUCES ME TO 'ER OLD MAN, WHO SEEMED LIKE A NICE GUY. HE WAS A LOT OLDER THAN SHE WAS OR ELSE HE'D AGED A LOT QUICKER. ANYWAY, I LOOKED BETTER THAN HE DID AND THAT MADE ME FEEL GOOD, YEAH, I KNOW, ALL IS VANITY.
HE WAS JUST GOING AN' HE NEEDED SOME BREAD AN' SHE GAVE HIM JUST ABOUT EVERY CENT SHE HAD ON HER.


SO THEN WE SAT DOWN AN' TALKED ABOUT ALL KINDSA STUFF — LIKE NOVELS...
I'M READING THIS BOOK BY DREISER NOW, JENNIE GERHARDT, BOY, I HOPE IT DON'T END LIKE SO MANY A' THOSE NATURALIST NOVELS — WITH SOMEONE GETTING CRUSHED TA EARTH BY FORCES HE CAN'T CONTROL. THAT GOT TO BE A REAL FORMULA-ENDING WITH THOSE GUYS; THEY'RE REALLY INTO MELODRAMA.
...AND COMICS
YOU DIDN'T KNOW CRUMB, HUH? HE LIVED AROUND HERE WHEN YOU WERE GOIN' T' COLLEGE — RIGHT IN THE UNIVERSITY AREA AS A MATTER OF FACT.
...AND PEOPLE
YOU'RE IRISH, RIGHT? SO MAYBE YOU KNOW ABOUT THESE IRISH WOMEN THAT NEVER MARRY, THEY JUS' STAY AT HOME AN' TAKE CARE A' THE OLD FOLKS. THEY'RE REALLY INTO MAKIN' SACRIFICES AN' DOIN' GOOD WORKS. SEEMS LIKE THERE'S A LOT OF 'EM. I KNOW THE IRISH BIRTHRATE IS LOW.

LIKE THIS LADY I WORK WITH. IF SHE AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' ELSE T' DO, SHE LOOKS FOR A PARAPLEGIC OR A DRUNK T' GET A CUPPA COFFEE FOR. I WONDER IF SHE AIN'T TAKIN' IT TOO FAR - I WONDER IF THAT'S HEALTHY.

WELL, MAYBE THAT'S ALL SHE FEELS SHE CAN DO TO BE USEFUL NOW. SHE LOOKS AT HER LIFE, SHE THINKS ABOUT THE BOY SHE COULD HAVE MARRIED AT 20...

AFTER AWHILE, ONE OF HER KIDS CAME DOWN AN' JOINED THE CONVERSATION. HE WAS O.K. — POLITE AND INTELLIGENT.

THEN IT GOT TO BE TIME T' GO SO SHE SAID MAYBE SHE'D HAVE ME OVER T' DINNER AN' I SAID:

THANKS, I'D BE GLAD T' COME, BUT IF YOU REALLY WANNA DO ME A FAVOR, INTRODUCE ME T' SOME A' YOUR SINGLE GIRL FRIENDS. THEY GOTTA BE PRETTY SMART THOUGH— I GOTTA BE ABLE T' TALK TO 'EM.

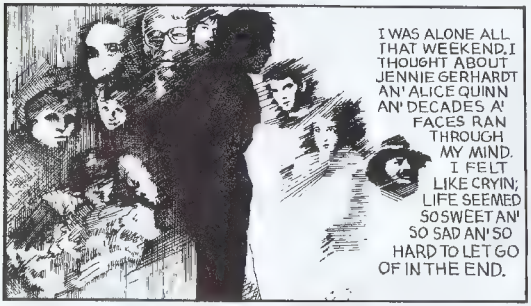
THEY HAVE TO BE SMARTER THAN AVERAGE, HUH?

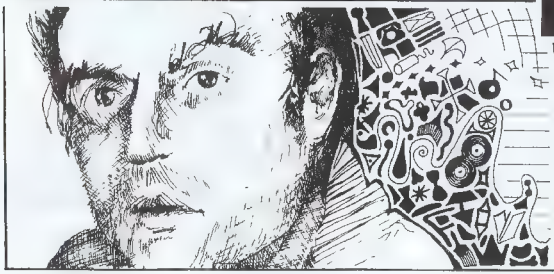
SEEIN' THAT WOMAN AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS WAS A PAINFUL EXPERIENCE. I'D ORIGINALLY MET HER DURING A DIFFICULT TIME IN MY LIFE, AN' NOW I WAS LIVIN' THROUGH ANOTHER ONE. BECOMING REACQUAINTED WAS LIKE OPENING AN OLD WOUND.

AND THEN THERE WAS THE MOMENTARY ELATION OF MEETING HER AT A TIME WHEN I WAS SO LONELY, ONLY TO FIND THAT SHE WAS APPARENTLY HAPPILY MARRIED. BUT LOOK HOW RIDICULOUS I WAS. IT'S GREAT IF SHE IS HAPPILY MARRIED. MORE POWER TO HER AND HER FAMILY. AND AFTER ALL, I DIDN'T KNOW THE WOMAN. BUT I WAS IDEALIZING HER. SHE MIGHT BE A WITCH... BUT PROBABLY SHE'S PRETTY NICE.

SO ANYWAY, I GO HOME, TAKE CARE OF SOME THINGS, AN' THEN FINISH READIN' JENNIE GERHARDT.

IT TURNED OUT TO BE REAL GOOD, WAY BETTER THAN I EXPECTED. THE BOOK COVERS A NUMBER A' YEARS IN THE LIVES OF THESE TWO PEOPLE, LESTER KANE AN' JENNIE GERHARDT, WHO WAS HIS MISTRESS. LESTER DIES IN THE END, BUT AT LEAST HE'S OLD AN' DIES A DIGNIFIED NATURAL DEATH; HE DON'T CROAK AS A PATHETIC BUM AN' GET BURIED IN POTTER'S FIELD LIKE HURSTWOOD IN SISTER CARRIE.


I WAS ALONE ALL THAT WEEKEND. I THOUGHT ABOUT JENNIE GERHARDT AN' ALICE QUINN AN' DECADES A' FACES RAN THROUGH MY MIND. I FELT LIKE CRYIN; LIFE SEEMED SO SWEET AN' SO SAD AN' SO HARD TO LET GO OF IN THE END.


BUT THIS IS MONDAY. I WENT TO WORK, HUSTLED SOME RECORDS CAME HOME AN' WROTE THIS. T'NIGHT I'LL FINISH A CONNETICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT. LIFE GOES ON, EVERYDAY IS A NEW DEAL. KEEP WORKING AN' MAYBE SUMP'N'LL TURN UP.
END

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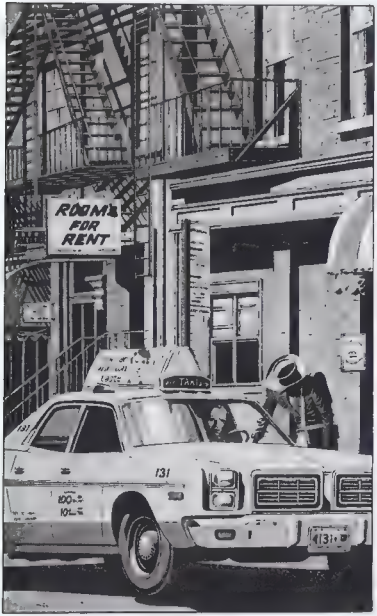
A LIL MONSTER MAKING A PHONE CALL
CAPTS
H'LO HONEY....
UH...LOOK, I KNOW I DIDN'T SHOW UP IN TIME.....
BUT SEE... LIKE I WAS HUNG UP... BUT I WANNA APOLOGIZE... SEE.... YAH! I'M SORRY....
NO, COME ON... DON'T BE THAT WAY... WHY DON'T YOU HOP IN A TAXI AND COME OVER- I'M IN A BAR... DON'T GET UPSET! HEY! DON'T!
WHY DON'T YOU HOP IN A TAXI- AND — NOW COME ON,— WHY DON'T YOU HOP IN A TAXI.....
NO, DON'T BE THAT WAY.... YAH! I'M AT THE "SKYSCRAPER" HAVING A DRINK— LOOK!! I SAID I WAS SORRY, SO JUST HOP IN A GHOD- DAM TAXI —.
I'M SORRY- RIGHT! RIGHT RIGHT RIGHT! RIGHT RIGHT! RIGHT! OKAY?! SO YER RIGHT!—I SAID A LONG TIME AGO I WAS SORRY OKAY-
YOU GONNA HOP IN A TAXI ?
HUNH ?
HUNH?
OKAY....
THAT'S GOOD....
SAY, COULD YOU LEND ME A COUPLE 'BUCKS — ? NAW, I'M JUST A LITTLE SHORT OF CASH, YAH, I'LL PAY YOU RIGHT BACK.....
END.

LUKE THE DRIFTER

by Lenny Kaye
illustrated by Paul Gulacy

The rusted barbs of wire weave
A necklace for my son
My right hand holds a Bible
The left it holds a gun



Blew in town a month ago
A wind that rides the plains
Shook the dust of travel off
My only claim to fame
Hate to ask for charity
I watch it grind my pride in the dirt
People call me Luke The Drifter
I tell you, Lord, it hurts

At night I find myself at odds
There's never any justice
or hope
Hang a name on Luke The
Drifter
At the end of a Texas rope

I wonder why she treats me so badly
I want to cry but I can't see the tears
in my eyes anymore

I hopalong and I skipalong
To a medley played by three
The first is pills, assorted ills
The second one is me
The third it lies in wait
It's like a rattler coiled
to strike in the dark
When you're known as Luke The Drifter
The prairie dogs do bark

A cowboy dreams at dawn to find
A home out on the range
The places may look different
It's me who'll never change
The burrs and spurs
and countless hers
Scar my body like a canyon
river's knife

Brand a name on Luke The Drifter
I've been him all my life
You can call me Luke The Drifter
I've been him all my life

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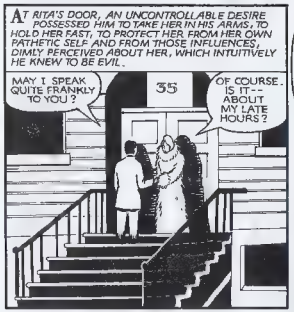
SAX ROHMER'S DOPE

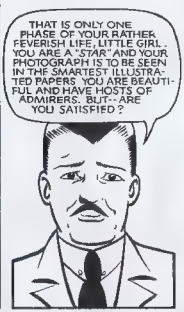
ADAPTED AND ILLUSTRATED by TRINA ROBBINS ©1982

THE STORY SO FAR, AS TOLD BY DOCTOR MARGARET HALLEY TO INSPECTOR KERRY.

RITA DRESDEN, A RISING MUSICAL COMEDY STAR, HAS BECOME ADDICTED TO COCAINE AND VERONAL, THROUGH THE EFFORTS OF SIR LUCIEN PYNE. AT THE APARTMENT OF AMERICAN COMEDIAN CYRUS KILFANE, SHE MEETS THE NOTORIOUS Mrs. SIN, WHO INTRODUCES HER TO OPIUM. RITA'S OPIUM DREAM TURNING TO A NIGHTMARE, SHE FLEES INTO THE DARK LONDON STREETS WHERE SHE IS ALMOST STRUCK BY A CAR WHOSE OCCUPANT IS HER SUITOR, MONTE IRVIN

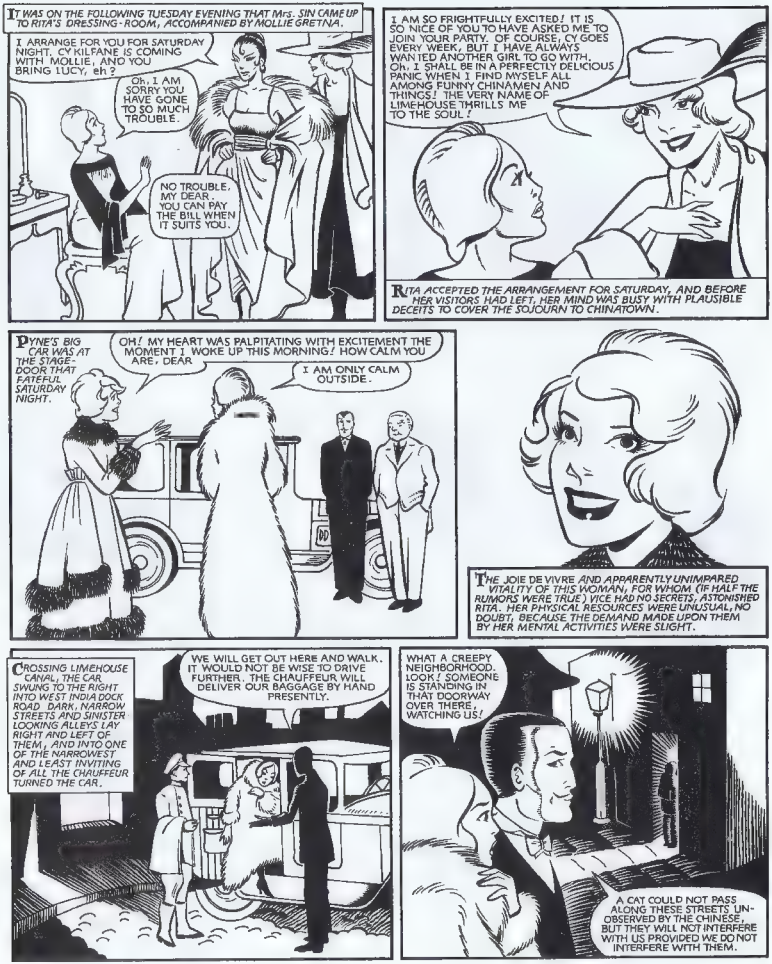
OH, Mr. IRVIN, WHAT YOU MUST THINK -- HOW CAN I EXPLAIN --
I THINK YOU ARE VERY INDISCREET TO BE OUT ALONE AT THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING
I DON'T ASK YOU TO EXPLAIN -- I WILL DRIVE YOU HOME.
CHAPTER FIVE
Limehouse Blues


AT RITA'S DOOR, AN UNCONTROLLABLE DESIRE POSSESSED HIM TO TAKE HER IN HIS ARMS, TO HOLD HER FAST, TO PROTECT HER FROM HER OWN PATHETIC SELF AND FROM THOSE INFLUENCES, DIMLY PERCEIVED ABOUT HER, WHICH INTUITIVELY HE KNEW TO BE EVIL.
MAY I SPEAK QUITE FRANKLY TO YOU?
35
OF COURSE. IS IT -- ABOUT MY LATE HOURS?


THAT IS ONLY ONE PHASE OF YOUR RATHER FEVERISH LIFE, LITTLE GIRL. YOU ARE A "STAR" AND YOUR PHOTOGRAPH IS TO BE SEEN IN THE SMARTEST ILLUSTRATED PAPERS. YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL AND HAVE HOSTS OF ADMIRERS. BUT -- ARE YOU SATISFIED?

OH, YOU DON'T KNOW ME -- YOU DON'T KNOW ME! I DON'T DESERVE IT! YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT MY FRIENDS -- ABOUT MY LIFE...
I KNOW THAT I WANT YOU FOR MY WIFE SO THAT I CAN PROTECT YOU FROM THOSE "FRIENDS."

RITA ENTERED AND, HAVING CLOSED THE DOOR, STOOD LEANING AGAINST IT FOR SEVERAL MINUTES. WEAKNESS AND NAUSEA THREATENED TO OVERCOME HER ANEW.
Oh, I HATE MYSELF-- I HATE MYSELF!
SHE PUT ON A WARM WRAP AND SEATED HERSELF AT THE DRESSING TABLE, STUDYING HER FACE CRITICALLY
AUTOMATICALLY, AS A RESULT OF HABIT, SHE UNLOCKED HER JEWEL-CASE AND TOOK OUT A TINY PHIAL CONTAINING MINUTE CACHETS.
FOR FULLY HALF A MINUTE SHE HESITATED, THEN·
I SHALL NEVER CLOSE MY EYES ALL NIGHT IF I DON'T, AND I SHOULD BE A WRECK IN THE MORNING.
THUS, IN THE VERY APOGEE OF HER RESOLVE TO REFORM, DID SHE DRIVE ONE MORE RIVET INTO THE MANACLES WHICH HELD HER CAPTIVE TO KAZMAH AND COMPANY.
THE NEXT DAY PYNE CAME TO HER DRESSING-ROOM JUST BEFORE THE PERFORMANCE BEGAN.
I AM SO SORRY IF I GAVE YOU A SCARE LAST NIGHT, LUCY, BUT I WOKE UP FEELING SICK, AND I HAD TO GO OUT INTO THE FRESH AIR.
I WAS CERTAINLY ALARMED DO YOU FEEL QUITE FIT AGAIN?
QUITE, THANKS. Oh, LUCY-- I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU--
PERHAPS-- PERHAPS-- I CAN GUESS. IS IT-- IRVIN?
RITA NODDED
CONGRATULATIONS, RITA. THE BETTER MAN WINS. I HOPE YOU WILL BE VERY HAPPY.


IT WAS ON THE FOLLOWING TUESDAY EVENING THAT Mrs. SIN CAME UP TO RITA'S DRESSING-ROOM, ACCOMPANIED BY MOLLIE GRETNA.
I ARRANGE FOR YOU FOR SATURDAY NIGHT, CY KILPANE IS COMING WITH MOLLIE, AND YOU BRING LUCY, eh?
OH, I AM SORRY YOU HAVE GONE TO SO MUCH TROUBLE.
NO TROUBLE, MY DEAR. YOU CAN PAY THE BILL WHEN IT SUITS YOU.
I AM SO FRIGHTFULLY EXCITED! IT IS SO NICE OF YOU TO HAVE ASKED ME TO JOIN YOUR PARTY. OF COURSE, CY GOES EVERY WEEK, BUT I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED ANOTHER GIRL TO GO WITH. OH, I SHALL BE IN A PERFECTLY DELICIOUS PANIC WHEN I FIND MYSELF ALL AMONG FUNNY CHINAMEN AND THINGS! THE VERY NAME OF LIMEHOUSE THRILLS ME TO THE SOUL!
RITA ACCEPTED THE ARRANGEMENT FOR SATURDAY, AND BEFORE HER VISITORS HAD LEFT, HER MIND WAS BUSY WITH PLAUSIBLE DECEITS TO COVER THE SOJOURN TO CHINATOWN.
DYNE'S BIG CAR WAS AT THE STAGE-DOOR THAT FATEFUL SATURDAY NIGHT.
OH! MY HEART WAS PALPITATING WITH EXCITEMENT THE MOMENT I WOKE UP THIS MORNING! HOW CALM YOU ARE, DEAR
I AM ONLY CALM OUTSIDE.
THE JOIE DE VIVRE AND APPARENTLY UNIMPAIRED VITALITY OF THIS WOMAN, FOR WHOM (IF HALF THE RUMORS WERE TRUE) VICE HAD NO SECRETS, ASTONISHED RITA. HER PHYSICAL RESOURCES WERE UNUSUAL, NO DOUBT, BECAUSE THE DEMAND MADE UPON THEM BY HER MENTAL ACTIVITIES WERE SLIGHT.
CROSSING LIMEHOUSE CANAL, THE CAR SWUNG TO THE RIGHT INTO WEST INDIA DOCK ROAD. DARK, NARROW STREETS AND SINISTER LOOKING ALLEYS LAY RIGHT AND LEFT OF THEM, AND INTO ONE OF THE NARROWEST AND LEAST INVITING OF ALL THE CHAUFFEUR TURNED THE CAR.
WE WILL GET OUT HERE AND WALK. IT WOULD NOT BE WISE TO DRIVE FURTHER. THE CHAUFFEUR WILL DELIVER OUR BAGGAGE BY HAND PRESENTLY.
WHAT A CREEPY NEIGHBORHOOD. LOOK! SOMEONE IS STANDING IN THAT DOORWAY OVER THERE, WATCHING US!
A CAT COULD NOT PASS ALONG THESE STREETS UNOBSERVED BY THE CHINESE. BUT THEY WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH US PROVIDED WE DO NOT INTERFERE WITH THEM.

KILFANE HAD TURNED TO THE RIGHT INTO A NARROW COURT. FROM A DOORWAY A FAINT LIGHT SHONE OUT UPON THE WET PAVEMENT. PYNE PUSHED THE DOOR FULLY OPEN AND HELD IT FOR RITA TO ENTER
HELLO! HELLO! NUMBER ONE P'LICE CHOP, LO! SIN SIN WA!
OH, I BELIEVE I AM GOING TO SCREAM!
SIN SIN WA! SIN SIN WA! SMARTEST LEG IN BUENOS AYRES--BUENOS AYRES-- P'LICE CHOP, LO!
OH! I KNEW I WAS GOING TO SCREAM!
ARE YOU READY FOR US, SIN?
ALL LEADY. LOLA HAB GOTCHEE TOPSIDE LOOM LEADY.
UP AN UNCARPETED STAIR CYRUS KILFANE LED THE PARTY.
ISN'T IT LOATHSOMELY DELIGHTFUL?
WHO IS IT?
CY AND THE CROWD.
THEREUPON ENSUED A GRATING NOISE, AND A DOORWAY WAS REVEALED, IN WHICH Mrs SIN STOOD FRAMED.
COME RIGHT IN.

SHE WORE A PAIR OF GREEN AND GOLD BROCADED SLIPPERS WHICH POSSESSED HIGHER HEELS THAN RITA REMEMBERED TO HAVE SEEN EVEN MRS SIN MOUNTED UPON BEFORE.
HER ANKLES WERE BARE, AND IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO DETERMINE IN WHAT MANNER SHE WAS CLAD BENEATH THE KIMONA.
THE QUARTET FILED THROUGH THE CARPETED CORRIDOR.
IS SHE TRULY MARRIED TO THAT DREADFUL CHINAMAN?
YES, I BELIEVE SO. SHE IS KNOWN AS MRS. SIN SIN WA.
OH, LUCY, HOW LONG WILL OUR THINGS BE? I'M KEEN TO SMOKE.
THE CHAUFFEUR WILL BE HERE ALMOST IMMEDIATELY
YOU DON'T LIKE ME TO-NIGHT. IF I LOOK UGLY, IT'S YOUR FAULT; YOU TOLD ME TO WEAR THIS HORRID OLD COSTUME!
YOU ARE QUITE WELL AWARE THAT YOU COULD NEVER LOOK OTHER THAN MADDENINGLY BEAUTIFUL. DO YOU WANT ME TO RECALL THE FACT THAT YOU ARE SHORTLY TO BE MONTE IRVIN'S WIFE -- OR SHOULD YOU PREFER ME TO REMIND YOU THAT YOU HAVE DECLINED TO BE MINE?
OH, LUCY!
I -- I'M SORRY.
CHOOSE FOR YOURSELF. YOU TWO IN THIS ROOM, eh? NEXT DOOR EACH OTHER FOR COMPANY.
OH, I DON'T KNOW. WHICH DO YOU WANT, MOLLIE?
I LOVE THIS ONE! IT SIMPLY REEKS OF ORIENTAL VOLUPTOUSNESS AND CRUELTY.
IT REMINDS ME OF A BOOK I HAVE BEEN READING CALLED "MUSK, HASHISH AND BLOOD."
HASHISH! ONE NIGHT YOU SHALL EAT THE HASHISH AND THEN...
OH, REALLY? IS THAT A PROMISE?
NO, NO, IT IS A THREAT!
?

IS IT -- IS IT REALLY SAFE HERE?
I SHALL BE AWAKE.
YOU HAVE NEVER REALLY TRUSTED ME, RITA. YOU WERE WISE BUT YOU CAN TRUST ME NOW. GOOD NIGHT, DEAR.
EXCEPT FOR THE TICKING OF A CLOCK THE ROOM WAS SILENT AS A PADDED CELL. SIR LUCIEN WAS LOST IN ABSTRACTION.
AH! I WONDERED. SO YOU WAIT TO SMOKE WITH ME.
NO, LOLA, NOT TONIGHT
I KNOW WHY YOU DON'T SMOKE. YOU HAVE PROMISED YOUR PRETTY LITTLE FRIEND THAT YOU WILL STAY AWAKE AND SEE THAT NOBODY TRIES TO CUT HER SWEET WHITE THROAT.
I AM SORRY I BROUGHT HER HERE. SHE IS ABOUT TO MARRY MONTE IRVIN, AND IF HIS SUSPICIONS WERE AROUSED HE IS QUITE CAPABLE OF DIGGING DOWN TO THE "HUNDRED RAPTURES."
YES, SHE IS A CHARMING FRIEND.
SHE HAS NEVER BEEN AND NEVER CAN BE ANY MORE TO ME, LOLA.
I KNOW! I KNOW! DO YOU THINK I AM BLIND?
IF SHE HAD BEEN LIKE ANY OF THE OTHERS, DO YOU SUPPOSE IT WOULD HAVE MATTERED TO ME? BUT YOU RESPECT HER -- YOU RESPECT HER!
A SUIVRE

DEDICATION: *FOR HOWARD ZIMMERMAN, A BROOKLYN BOY WITH HEART WHO WENT THE DISTANCE.*

A WALK UP AVENUE U

THIS PLACE IS NOT THE CITY, BUNKIE.

IT IS A BOROUGH OF THE CITY CALLED BROOKLYN. YOU MIGHT HAVE HEARD OF IT. IT IS LARGER THAN THE CITY, IN FACT IT HAS FEUDED WITH PHILADELPHIA FOR TITLE OF FOURTH LARGEST CITY IN THE WORLD. BUT IN BROOKLYN'S HEART IT KNOWS IT IS SUBSERVIENT TO THE CITY.

THERE ARE AREAS IN THIS BOROUGH THAT ARE CONSIDERED DANGEROUS. IT AIN'T THE HONEYMOONERS ANYMORE, SWEETHEART. THERE HAS BEEN, ON OCCASION, EVIDENCE OF UNCIVILIZED BEHAVIOR. OVERT CRIME AND PHYSICAL VIOLENCE. BUT YOU EXPECT THAT, DON'T YOU, BABUSKA? IT'S ALMOST BANAL TO STATE THAT WHERE THERE ARE VAST AREAS OF POVERTY, IN MONEY AND EDUCATION, THERE IS A CORRESPONDING RISE IN ENERVATION AND CALLOUSNESS. MEAN STREETS AND ALL THAT. BOOBIE.

THERE ARE STILL SOME NEIGHBORHOODS IN THIS BOROUGH, WITH NAMES LIKE BAY RIDGE OR BENSONHURST OR SHEEPSHEAD BAY, WHERE ONLY AN OCCASIONAL MAFIA-STYLE RUBOUT DISTURBS THE NIGHT. HERE THERE ARE LONG MERCHANT AVENUES NEXT TO TREE-SHADED, NARROW SIDE-STREETS LINED WITH NINETY-THOUSA DOLLAR HOUS

THERE IS WEALTH HERE, IN MONEY AND EDUCATION. IT IS SAFE ON THESE SIDE WALKS, IN DAY LIGHT OR OTHERWISE.

THE FORTUNATE ONES, THE PEOPLE RACING FROM THE CONTAMINATION OF THE SLUMS, CONSIDER THESE PLACES THE LAST OUTPOSTS.

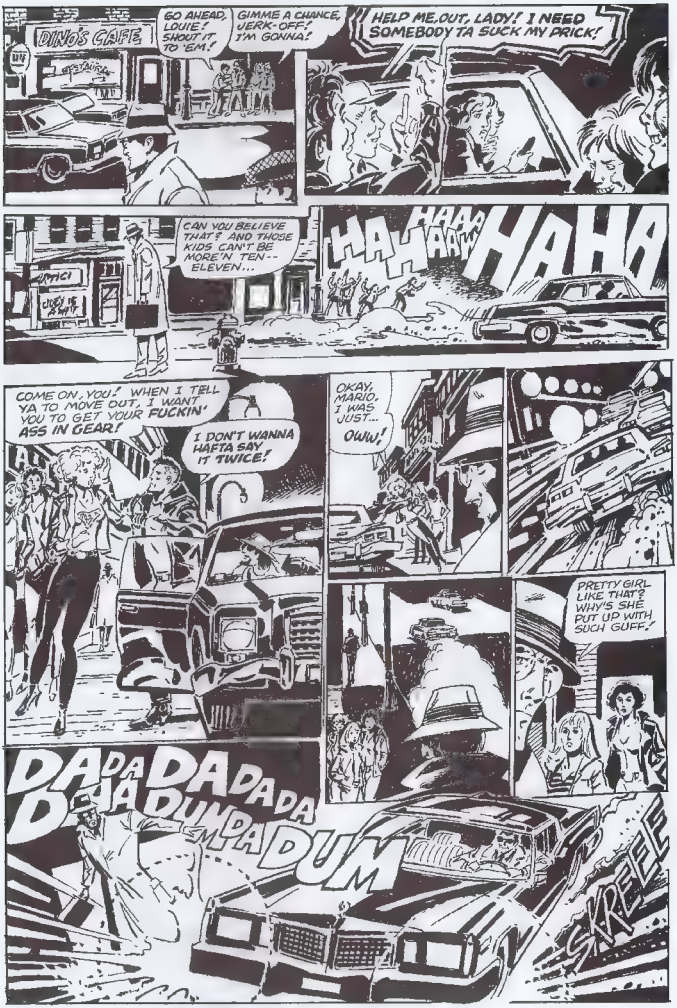
THE LAST OUTPOSTS OF WHAT, YOU ASK, BUNKIE?

WHY, OF CIVILIZATION, WHAT ELSE?

AVENUE U
UNITED NEGRO COLLEGE FUND
THE MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE A NIGGER
HEY HOWIE DEAN DIDN'T SCREW UP THIS TIME!
CAT
WRITTEN BY DON McGREGOR
DRAWN BY TOM SUTTON

AVENUE U
IT'S THE LAW
Clean up after your dog
MAXIMUM FINE $100.00
public health law 1310
DEPARTMENT of SANITATION

HEY! WAIT UP A MINUTE!
COME ON! GIVE ME A BREAK, HOLD UP FOR ONE LOUSY--
RIETY
AL'S
VARIETY
BUS STOP
PIZZA
NOW WHY'D HE GO AND DO A THING LIKE THAT?
OTEL
I GUESS I'D BETTER WALK. I DON'T KNOW IF ANOTHER BUS WILL COME.


DINO'S CAFE
GO AHEAD, LOUIE! SHOUT IT TO 'EM!
GIMME A CHANCE, JERK-OFF! I'M GONNA!
HELP ME, OUT, LADY! I NEED SOMEBODY TA SUCK MY PRICK!
CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT? AND THOSE KIDS CAN'T BE MORE'N TEN-ELEVEN...
HA HAAA HAAA HAHA
COME ON, YOU! WHEN I TELL YA TO MOVE OUT, I WANT YOU TO GET YOUR FUCKIN' ASS IN GEAR!
I DON'T WANNA HAFTA SAY IT TWICE!
OKAY, MARIO. I WAS JUST...
OWW!
PRETTY GIRL LIKE THAT? WHY'S SHE PUT UP WITH SUCH GUFF.
DA DA DA DA DA DA DA DA DUM DA DUM
SKREEE

IT MUST COST HIM TWO BUCKS WORTH OF GAS TO PEEL OUT LIKE THAT!
DA DA DA DUM
DA DA DUM
FWOOM!
AHHH, NO USE MOANING ABOUT IT...
BETTER JUST STOP IN HERE AND GET ME SOME MILK FOR MORNING COFFEE.
CIGAR
WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
WHAT HAPPENED? I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED. I STEPPED OUT FOR FIFTEEN LOUSY MINUTES, THAT'S WHAT.
SOME PUNKS CAME IN THROUGH THE ROOF. YOU KNOW WHAT THEY USED? A PAIR OF ICE TONGS! DUG RIGHT THROUGH!
WINSTON
I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT. DID YOU HAVE THE POLICE HERE?
THE COPS? SURE, BUT THEY WON'T DO NOTHIN. MAYBE IF I GAVE 'EM CIGARETTES FOR LIFE--
MAYBE THEN THEY'D FINGER-PRINT THE PLACE OR SOMETHING.
THIS HERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE GOOD PART'VE BROOKLYN, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
YEAH, JUST WALKING UP THE STREET I'VE SEEN...
TONIK
PERFUME DEVINE
I'LL TELL YA WHOSE FAULT THIS IS, IT'S THE PARENTS I MEAN NOBODY GIVES' A FUCK ABOUT RAISIN' KIDS... THEY JUST GOTTA MAKE THE BUCK... OR FIND THEMSELVES... ... ALL THAT IMPORTANT SHIT.
WINSTON
KODAK COLOR PRINTS
YEAH, WELL... HOPE YOU MAKE OUT ALRIGHT... NIGHT.
SURE, ... G'NIGHT TO YOU, TOO.
DRUMS ALONG THE FOX

WHAT'RE YOU LOOKIN' AT?
YOU,... YOU,...
ASSHOLE!
WHUKKK
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? THEY'VE INVENTED,...
...INDOOR PLUMBING!
I'M GONNA SUE, YOU MOTHER-FUCKER! HEAR, ME.
SUE YOUR ASS!
THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE CIVILIZATION? NAH! I MUST HAVE TAKEN A WRONG TURN SOMEWHERE AND GOTTEN...
...LOST.
THE END

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SEE ORDERING COUPON ON PAGE 21

DON McGREGOR'S THE VARIABLE SYNDROME

FEATURING AN ALL-NEW FULL-COLOR COVER PAINTING BY WALT SIMONSON!
IT'LL TURN YOUR EYES INTO PING-PONG BALLS!

A sensually evocative text SF story—but like no science fiction story you've read before! Featuring: Psychokinetic serpents! Time travel! Mind transference! Love! Survival! Alien cities! Communication! Espionage! I.Q. gods! And last, but definitely not least, sex! *War of the Worlds* was *never* like this!

Bonus! INVESTIGATING "DETECTIVES, INC."

A 50-page behind-the-scenes chronology of DETECTIVES, INC. from conception in 1969 to publication in 1980 including observations about the commercial comics scene, details of the dreaded Work-for-Hire contracts, the Hodiah Twist fiasco, and plenty of anecdotes, side stories and digressions along the way. Original full-script pages of DETECTIVES, INC. are included, along with unfinished examples of Marshall Rogers' artwork. For the first time, you can study in detail the collaboration between writer and artist on such an unusual graphic project!

MY TRANSFORMATION

RICK GEARY
©1982

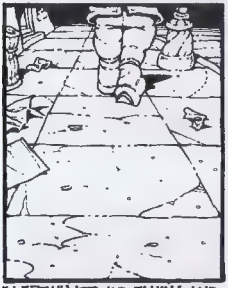
MY STORY BEGINS HERE: FOR YEARS I MANAGED THIS MENSWEAR SHOP IN THE WONDERLAND SQUARE CENTER.

I SOLD COATS AND TROUSERS BY DAY — AND BY NITE I KEPT THOSE SAME ARTICLES FOR WHAT MIGHT BE CALLED UNNATURAL ACTIVITIES.

UNKNOWN TO MY LOVING WIFE AND CHILDREN, I LIVED ONLY FOR MY SESSIONS IN THE STOCKROOM AFTER HOURS.

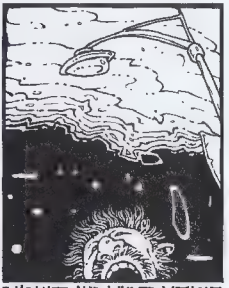
ONE NITE, IN A PAROXYSM OF ECSTASY, I SHATTERED A FULL LENGTH MIRROR — AND EXPERIENCED A STRANGE TRANSFORMATION.

SUDDENLY FILLED WITH REMORSE, I WORE FRAGMENTS OF THE MIRROR AROUND MY NECK.

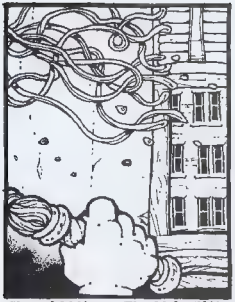


I LEFT MY JOB AND FAMILY, AND TOOK TO WANDERING THE STREETS DISCONSOLATELY — SLEEPING IN DOORWAYS AND TRASH CONTAINERS.

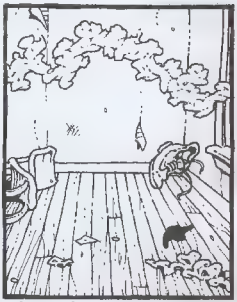
I WORE A COARSE HORSEHAIR SHIRT, EVEN ON THE HOTTEST DAYS, AND PORED OVER BOOKS OF DICTIONARIES WEIGHING HUNDREDS OF POUNDS.



I MOANED AND WAILED WITHOUT LETUP, AND REFERRED TO MYSELF IN THE THIRD PERSON AS "THE SORRY FOOL."



FOR A TIME, I TOOK A SMALL UNFURNISHED ROOM, WHERE I WHIPPED AND PUMMELLED MYSELF DAILY.



SOMETIMES AFTER THESE SESSIONS I WOULD SLIP INTO AN ECSTATIC TRANCE.

THEN ONE MORNING I AWOKE TO FIND MYSELF FLOATING SEVERAL FEET ABOVE THE SIDEWALK.

WHAT A VIEW!

FROM THIS POSITION, IT SEEMS I'M ABLE TO HEAL THE AFFLICTED AND COMFORT THE DESPONDENT.

I'VE BEGUN TO ATTRACT RATHER A LARGE FOLLOWING.

I WAS GIVEN THIS HOUSE, WHERE I EXPECT VISITORS AT ALL HOURS.

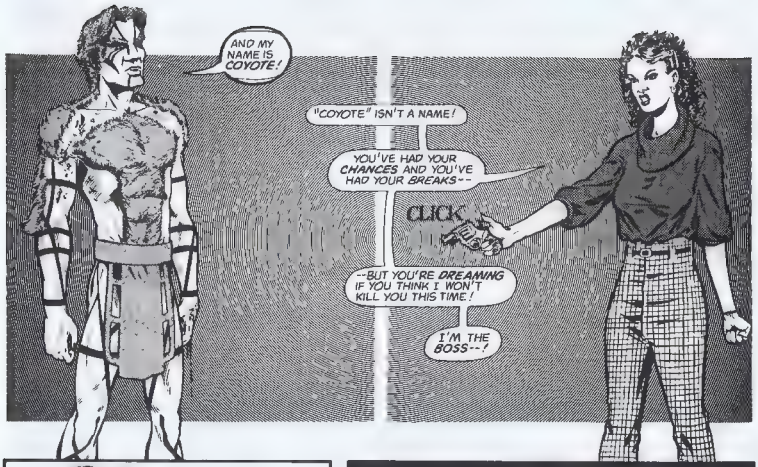
ONE SKEPTICAL DOCTOR, UPON SEEING ME, RENOUNCED METHODISM AND ENTERED AN ESOTERIC SECT.

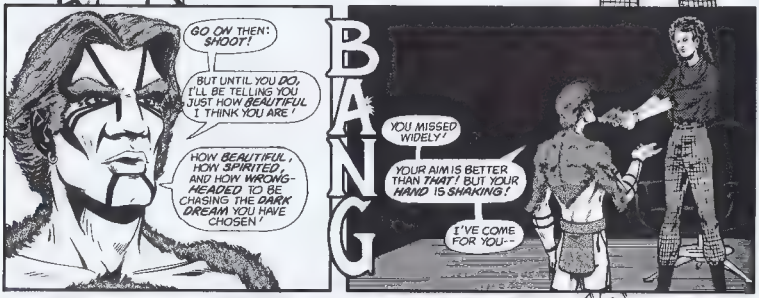
BEST OF ALL, MY SUITS ARE TAX DEDUCTIBLE!

AH! THEY CALL ME 'ANIMAL-MAN', BUT--
I AM Coyote
AND GENTLEMEN YOU ARE NOW FILLED-IN ON ALL THE CABINET KNOWS OF THIS ANIMAL-MAN
OPERATIVES, THEN INVADED OUR LAS VEGAS BASE OF OPERATIONS, COMPLETELY
MEETING IN LAS VEGAS, THIS CREATURE MADE CONTACT WITH ME AND DECEIVED ME INTO
BUT OUR LEADERSHIP DETECTED AND DEFEATED HIM! WE HAVE ONLY THE VOID'S OBJECTIVE TO CONCERN OURSELVES WITH NOW!
WHAT I CAN'T TELL THEM, IS THAT, RIGHT AFTER THE VOID'S TRIUMPH, THAT ANIMAL-BASTARD "RESURRECTED" HIMSELF AND CAME GLOATING TO ME!
BUT THAT'S IRRELEVANT, SINCE I LEFT HIM BEHIND IN LAS VEGAS AND TOOK EXTRA PRECAUTIONS TO CAMOUFLAGE MY TRAIL.
ECLIPSE CATASTROPHIC presents the continuing saga of Coyote part
with Steve Englehart
Marshall Rogers
thanx to Tony / Dean / Bo

LOS ANGELES, THAT NIGHT - SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF MALIBU...
BUT HOW WILL THE VOID GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU?
HAVE YOU THOUGHT THAT THERE MIGHT BE MORE THAN ONE OF THESE ANIMAL-MEN?
WHAT IF HE CAN'T COME UP WITH ANYTHING?
REALLY, COLONEL, WE'RE NOT BEING INVADED FROM OUTER SPACE!
GENTLEMEN!
GENTLEMEN!
THE ANIMAL-MAN SEEMS TO BE VERY LIKE A FORCE OF NATURE, RATHER THAN A MAN, YES-
-BUT I WOULD REMIND YOU THAT OUR LEADER IS MUCH THE SAME!--
THE VOID WILL PROVIDE!
WE HAVE WORK TO DO HERE! FORGET THE ANIMAL-MAN!
WHAT IF HE WON'T FORGET YOU?
YOU!
WHAT!!

WHY YOU SON OF A BITCH!
HIT THE EXITS!
KRAK
GODDAMN YOU! GODDAMN YOU ALL TO--
THE VOID WAS CORRECT, PHYLLIDA! YOU HAVE A RARE SPIRIT!
whoosh


AND MY NAME IS COYOTE!
"COYOTE" ISN'T A NAME!
YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCES AND YOU'VE HAD YOUR BREAKS--
CLICK
--BUT YOU'RE DREAMING IF YOU THINK I WON'T KILL YOU THIS TIME!
I'M THE BOSS--!

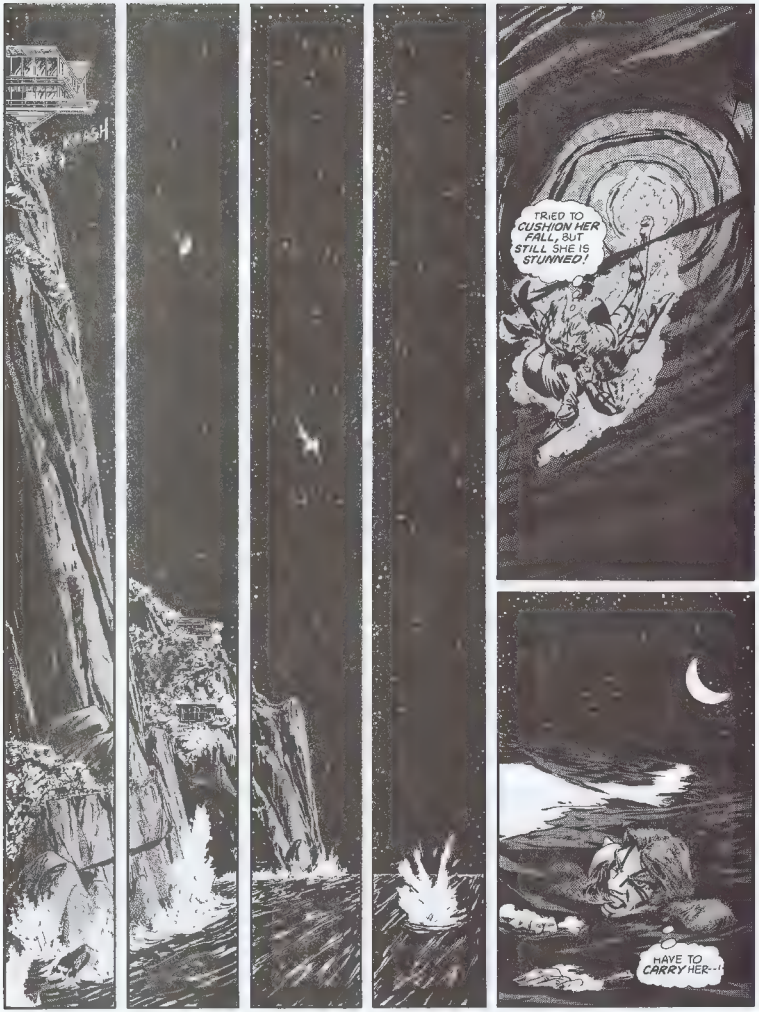

GO ON THEN: SHOOT!
BUT UNTIL YOU DO, I'LL BE TELLING YOU JUST HOW BEAUTIFUL I THINK YOU ARE!
HOW BEAUTIFUL, HOW SPIRITED, AND HOW WRONG-HEADED TO BE CHASING THE DARK DREAM YOU HAVE CHOSEN!
BANG
YOU MISSED WIDELY!
YOUR AIM IS BETTER THAN THAT! BUT YOUR HAND IS SHAKING!
I'VE COME FOR YOU--

SO HAVE WE, TRAITOR!
CRASH
EEEEE

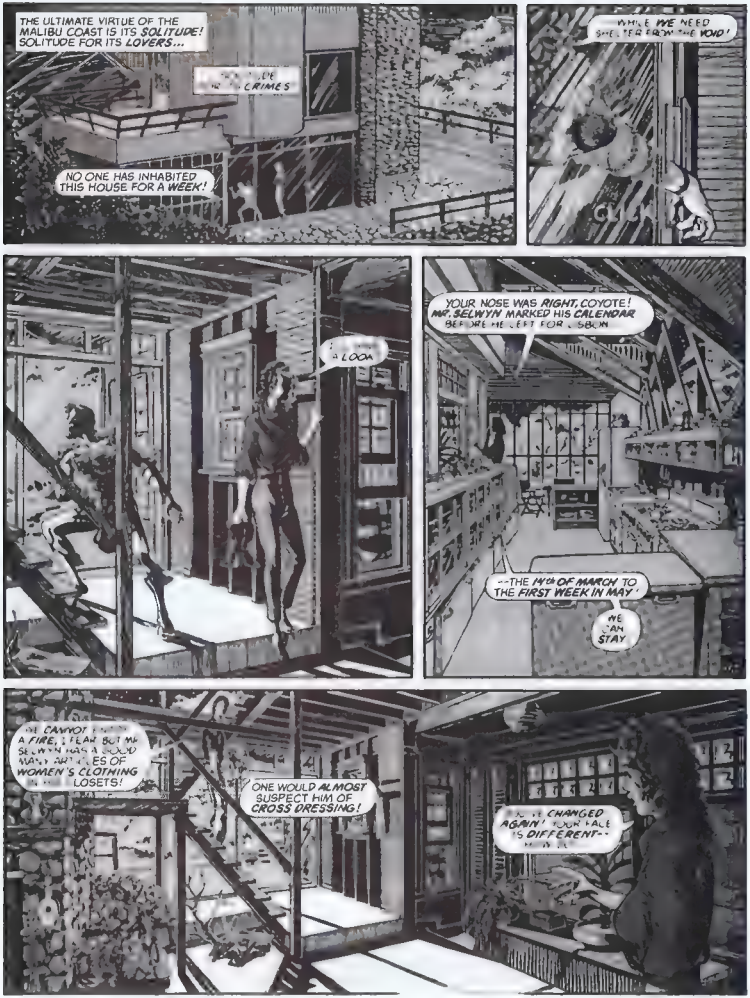
--YOU AND YOUR TRAINED APE!
YOU IDIOTS!! YOU SHOT FRANKS!

GIVE IT UP, WHOEVER-YOU-ARE! I'LL BLOW HER @#&%'S OUT IF YOU DON'T GET VISIBLE!
BLAM!

BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM
HE'S IN FRONT OF THE SARGE! NAIL HIM!
BLAM BLAM
KRASH


CRASH
TRIED TO CUSHION HER FALL, BUT STILL SHE IS STUNNED!
HAVE TO CARRY HER--!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER--
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, PHYLLIDA! ALL RIGHT NOW!
I KNOW! I'M GETTING MY WIND BACK- BUT IT--
--IT WAS ALL SO SUDDEN, I STILL DON'T-
YOU- ME THEM--!
MY TRYING TO KILL YOU- THEIR TRYING TO KILL ME AN YOU
AND YOU


THE ULTIMATE VIRTUE OF THE MALIBU COAST IS ITS SOLITUDE! SOLITUDE FOR ITS LOVERS...
CRIMES
NO ONE HAS INHABITED THIS HOUSE FOR A WEEK!
WHILE WE NEED SHELTER FROM THE FOG!
CLICK
LOOK
YOUR NOSE WAS RIGHT, COYOTE! MR. SELWYN MARKED HIS CALENDAR BEFORE HE LEFT FOR SIBERIA
--THE 14th OF MARCH TO THE FIRST WEEK IN MAY.
WE CAN STAY
CANNOT A FIRE, I FEAR, BUT MR. SELWYN HAS A GOOD MANY BOXES OF WOMEN'S CLOTHING IN THE CLOSETS!
ONE WOULD ALMOST SUSPECT HIM OF CROSS DRESSING!
CHANGED AGAIN! YOUR FACE IS DIFFERENT--

WHO ARE YOU ?
YOU TALK AS IF ENGLISH WERE A FOREIGN TONGUE, EVEN WHEN YOU'RE NOT PRETENDING TO BE MEXICAN--
-- BUT YOU KNOW ENGLISH WELL !
YOU'RE MORE ANIMAL THAN ANY OTHER MAN I'VE EVER KNOWN, BUT YOU ARE A MAN -- AND STILL YOU CAN DO WHAT THE VOID DOES !
AND YOU : YOU ASK ME THESE THINGS -- WHY ?
YOU'RE NOT ANSWERING MY QUESTIONS !
I AM MORE INTERESTED IN YOU NOW, PHYLLIDA !
AND I'M INTERESTED IN YOU, COYOTE ! THAT'S WHY I'M ASKING ! I'M
... MORE THAN INTERESTED
BUT YOU'RE RIGHT TO WONDER ABOUT MY MOTIVES !
SO I'LL ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS !
I'LL BE OPEN WITH YOU, AND --
-- WELL, YOU DECIDE WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THAT !

AND YOU CAN LEARN WHAT THAT DECISION IS --

IN THE CHATTERING

CONCLUSION

OF Coyote

NEXT ISSUE EXCLUSIVE:

All the comics fit to print

ECLIPSE

Vol. 1, Number 6
July 1982

COYOTE & VOID CLASH PHYLLIDA LIFE THREATENED

In the shattering conclusion to *I Am Coyote*, the nefarious Void battles Coyote in a fight to the death.

The confrontation, as related to Steve Englehart and Marshall Rogers, is told in a nineteen page final chapter of the story, and appears in *Eclipse* no. 7 on sale in July.

Caught between the combatants is Phyllida, a member of the Void's Secret Cabinet. Thought to be a traitor, Phyllida's life now stands in danger.

As uncovered by this paper in a previous edition, both Coyote and the Void share the ability to enter other dimensional planes. While we are able to report on their battle on Earth, we unfortunately cannot report from that other plane, and suggest you stay posted with Englehart and Rogers for the final outcome of this adventure.

TODAY'S WEATHER

Sunny and breezy.

Temp. in the 70s.

Humidity 65%

Sunset

wind

North

© 1982 John Bolton

JOHN BOLTON DEBUTS

British artist John Bolton makes his *Eclipse* [illegible] in issue no. 7.

Bolton has painted "The Princess and the Satyr" as *Eclipse*'s cover. He has also written and [illegible] a fantasy story

Trina, McGregor, Colan Return

Eclipse no. 7 also features the continuation of Trina Robbins' adaptation of *Dope*, Sax Rohmer's novel of murder, mystery and drugs; and the return of *Ragamuffins*, Don McGregor and Eugene Colan's series of young children growing up in the early 1950s.

Writer Harvey Pekar makes his second appearance in *Eclipse* with two stories illustrated by the renowned artist, Robert Crumb.

Newcomers Sean Carrol and Kevin Brown help round out the issue.

ECLIPSE ENTERPRISES
81 Delaware Street
Staten Island, NY 10304

YES! I don't want to miss a single collector's item issue. Please enter my subscription to *Eclipse*. I'm enclosing $14.75 (in Canada add $1.00) for a full year (6 issues).

NAME _____
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MS. TREE STARS IN

[illegible] honeymoon coup[illegible]

My request for letters has paid off, so from now on we'll have two pages of your comments. Just remember, folks. It is lonely here without your missives!

Dear Dean,

Before I comment on any part of *Eclipse*, I would first like to talk about *Coyote*, the bulk of *Eclipse's* contents so far.

There is a danger in being overly critical of an unfinished serial, but there are some major problems with *Coyote* which I don't think will be resolved.

This character has no firm base. If he is truly a coyote after a prey, then *he* has a deep instinctual reason (such as survival) for doing so. If it's a conspiracy to take over North America as has been stated, then his reason for this hunt" is against what seems to be his nature. If there is a deeper reason for this hunt, we should have been presented with a substantial clue by now. Eight months of serial and no clear direction can be frustrating. With each new installment I think, "That had a lot of interesting things, but what is *really* going on?'

He constantly is saying he has no morals, yet he states in issue no. 3 his great love for his adopted father. He clearly had love for Morya, else why would he kill his father in an act of passion? Why would moral-less Coyote *have* an act of passion?

Coyote constantly says, ". . . but, be humble, Coyote." Why? To be a better person? Wrong. He has no morals. Does it in some way put him in danger by being over-confident? Wrong. He states "I am unique. I am the invincible one!" (The unique part is wrong; witness his father and surely some of those of the 5-year gathering.) Ego? Well . . . .

Coyote has to be the most egotistical character ever created Some of this dialogue makes you want to retch. "Try to be humble, Coyote, though your unmatched skills and romantic charm have led you straight to the source of the mystery." Easy stomach

I know editorial interference is a touchy thing, but in some cases, no matter who the writer is I think it should be exercised on some stories in progress

In spite of all this, *Coyote* is so different, presenting so many interesting ideas, it almost overcomes its structural flaws.

Artwise, someone ought to give Marshall an award for best use of tone since Roy Crane. Marshall always throws these little visual tricks in that no one else does. It's always a joy to reread his stories because he cares enough to do something different and does it very well.

One of the best things about *Eclipse* is the covers. Never gaudy *Heavy Metal* affairs, rather reflecting an integrity representative of the entire magazine.

Of the first five issues, only one story (Steve Gerber's, which belonged at Warren's level) did not reflect a love of comics and a good sense of craftsmanship.

I am very glad to see some out-and-out, fun-type yuk-yuks like Hunt Emerson. So many people think of quality, adult stories only in negative, depressing terms. Emerson is a lot of fun, and in today's world, that is very important.

The Hitch hiker's main problem was it was over-written. Effective and frightening story, nonetheless.

Ms. Tree is a very good example of simple, tight, interesting comics. A serial that never loses sight of its direction.

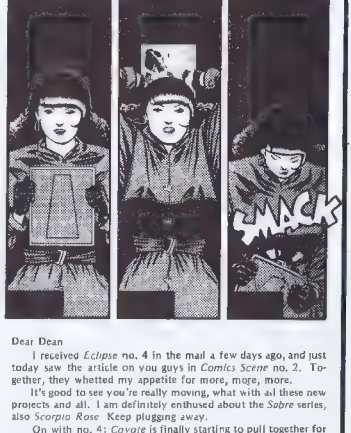
Ragamuffins and *Dope* were okay, but I would really like to see more beautifully drawn flights of fancy such as Kaluta's. Few people tapped the other-world dreaminess that Jones and Kaluta did.

Here are some people I would like to see in *Eclipse:* Dick Matena, Mike Kaluta, Jeff Jones, Alex Toth, Ralph Reese, John Bolton, Michael Gilbert, William Stout, and lots more Marshall Rogers.

Thanks for putting out such a quality magazine, and wishing you continued success.

TIM SMITH
Route 1, Box 68A
Ava, MO 65608

Well Tim, thanks for the incisive comments. Regarding your request list, check out next issue,which boasts a John Bolton story and cover.



Dear Dean

I received *Eclipse* no. 4 in the mail a few days ago, and just today saw the article on you guys in *Comics Scene* no. 2. Together, they whetted my appetite for more, more, more.

It's good to see you're really moving, what with all these new projects and all. I am definitely enthused about the *Sabre* series, also *Scorpio Rose* Keep plugging away.

On with no. 4: *Coyote* is finally starting to pull together for me, but I was still a little fuzzy about the origin sequence. I'm assuming (actually, I *m* hoping) that not everything has been revealed as of yet. But it seems to me the story was paced a bit too quickly (I dunno, maybe I should read slower), which makes it possible that something integral to the story may have only been touched upon in the unfolding.

Artwise, I was impressed. Marshall Rogers is improving, but I can see why some have criticized him for putting too much background in his panels. It does take attention away from the main subject, as the reader frantically scans the panel, hoping he doesn't miss something that some other letterhack will point out later on thus making him feel like a total fool (amen). But I did like the small touches: the faint traces of Coyote's markings on his face (page 7), the little bird on the splash page the faint image of Coyote (so faint I could barely make it out) on the same page.

Kon tiri by Emerson was interesting. It seems to me to be a social comment on the dieting fad. Actually, it could be damn near anything.

The Demon Chronicles was good. However, as a first installment, I'm not too sure. Not having heard the radio series, I was unfamiliar with the characters and I found it difficult to get into the story. The artwork was a bit uneven. For the most part, though, it was good, and I am looking forward to further installments. (But please - a little background on these people. Okay?)

Dirty Pool was excellent. I've often felt that way, you know? More stuff from Mr. Rippee, please!

A Fistful of Graveyard Dirt. Ahhh, McGregor and Graham. Another excellent piece. Another shining example of story and art working together to produce a visual masterpiece. (Yeah, I know, everybody else is saying this, too But what else is there to say?)

It's nice to see Don McGregor getting back into comics with a vengeance. Between his *Ragamuffins* stories, the *Sabre* series, the *Killraven* series coming up in *Epic Illustrated* (Killraven is actually back! Holy socks!), and his various stories for Warren, life is worth living again. (By the way, when are we going to see Dragonflame again?)

Trina's adaptation of *Dope* is coming along rather nicely. There's not really much more I can say I'd rather wait until the whole novel is adapted. (This could be awhile.)

Please address all your letters to:
Eclipse Comments, Eclipse Enterprises
65 Delaware Street, Staten Island, NY, 10304

Rick Geary's *Victorian Murder* was enjoyable, but I think he did something similar in *National Lampoon* a year or so back.

Ms. Tree this issue was good. The artwork has been criticized as being stale and repetitive; I disagree. I think it's perfect for this type of strip, but for some reason, I didn't care much for the splash page. The storyline is progressing fantastically so far. I'm fully expecting a nice, suspenseful finish.

Please keep using stuff by the "underground" talent; we definitely need diversity in the magazine

MARK STEVEN LONG
45 N. Shafer Street, No B-1
Athens, OH 45701

Well, thanks for another long letter, Mark. It's always good hearing from one of our regular letterbacks. I hope this issue's conclusion to Ms. Tree *lived up to your expectations. Beginning in July, Ms. Tree becomes the lead feature in our newest comic, called* Thrilling Detective Adventures. *Look for the first issue on sale this summer.*

And now, some of your letters about Destroyer Duck:

Let the destruction continue!

H. D. GILLILAN — Seattle, WA

Destroyer Duck is tremendous!
Steve "Baby" Gerber is great!
Jack "King" Kirby is wonderful!
"Fetuccini" Alfredo Alcala has ink on his hands!
But please, please tell me it ain't so — tell me The Little Guy ain't really dead.
Bring Back the Little Guy!
Death to Godcorp!

THERESA MANFREDI — Berkeley, CA

You better believe I demand it! Although I'm a Marvel fan, I think Destroyer Duck takes the cake! Keep it comin'!

FRANK MITCHELL — Kenn, WA

Yeah! More ducks! More Gerber! More Kirby!!

M. Z. INGHAM — Ithaca, NY

THAT'S YER CHINK, BENNY -- RIGHT THERE! I'M TOO MEAN TA KNOW I'M LITTLE? I GET ANGRY, BENNY!
I FORGET I'M S'POZED TA STAY IN MY PLACE AN' PARTY!
SOMETIMES, BENNY... I EVEN GET VIOLENT.

Destroyer Duck is fantastic! He's even better than ol' Howard. Please make DD a series. And, I'm not the only one who likes him. I have a half-dozen other friends who like him. I demand it. So, make mine Eclipse!

PAUL RENDA & DON CRANDALL — Roseville, CA

Please, continue Destroyer Duck's fight against Godcorp and all the other conglomerates that try to destroy and use "The Little Guy." I would also like to see Wobiina Strangeleps continue as a formidable adversary. After all, she did kick Duke's ass 'strangely' enough. He deserves a rematch.

DAVID NASHIF — Van Nuys, CA

More destruction! More Destroyer Duck!! And how about: Magnum Mallard, Berserker Bear, Killer Crane! Later they can go to Mars and meet John Canard, and battle Cutty Thark!

GIL AVILA — Santa Clara, CA

Heavy on the duck, please. I loved it!

DANIEL TOTTENHOFF — Eugene, OR

I want more! It surprised me. I didn't think that your styles would work together — Gerber, the master of the inner struggle, and Kirby, epic-maker. But your styles complemented each others'. Steve I hope you win your suit, but don't drop Destroyer Duck. I feel that he has more commercial potential than Howard. Jack, you constantly amaze me. I discovered you when you were at DC. While you did draw some pretty unusual characters like the New Gods, the animals in *Kamandi* were the most fun. This fun is quite evident in *Destroyer Duck*. Duke reminds me of a grown-up member of the Newsboy Legion.

May the legend of the duck grow on!

J. ALEXANDER HALL — San Diego, CA

Duke's mission of vengeance really touched me. Please give Destroyer Duck his own book.

FRED deBOOM — Huntington Beach, CA

Please bring back Destroyer Duck. He's pretty cool. He's got class. Bring him back! Bring him back!

ROGER GATES — Fort Worth, TX

I enjoyed *Destroyer Duck* a whole lot. You have my vote and buck-fifty for his continuance. Never have I witnessed a duck so tough, so hard-bitten, and yet with such a strong passion for justice. Good luck!

MICHAEL LUSK — Berkeley, CA

By all means, please continue the demise of Godcorp, Ltd. by Destroyer Duck! Corporate America has run amuck!

STEPHEN KAUFMAN — Sherman Oaks, CA

Death to the enemies of the creative process!
Death to the ruthless expansion of Godcorp!
Destroyer Duck will vanquish!
Destroyer Duck will arise valiant!
Long Live Destroyer Duck!
Long Live Steve Gerber!

KIM McDONALD — Eugene, OR

More of the bird in the army fatigues!

MIGUEL de FRISTES — San Francisco, CA

God knows that Duke (Destroyer) Duck cannot rest until Godcorp is obliterated. Duke is not just another duck!

GARYN ROBERTS — Bowling Green, OH

Let the destruction continue! And let us hope the audience is supportive enough to allow it. Carry on, Steve we're with you!

JOHN CORONES — Poway, CA

Oh boy! It seems as though darlin' Duke Duck has pulled at yer heart strings, folks. Well, because you demanded it, Destroyer Duke will be back this Fall by Steve, Jack and Alfredo (gee, a "Baby," "King," and "Fetuccini" — fetuccini!? — all in one book!). Look for Destroyer Duck comin' at ya this Fall. The destruction continues!!!

© 1981 Steve Gerber & Jack Kirby

CONTRIBUTORS

TERRY BEATTY is working on the next *Ms. Tree* story which will be seen in Eclipse's forthcoming mystery comic, *Thrilling Detective Adventures*, which premieres in July. He and Max Allan Collins also continue to collaborate on other projects in the comics field.

BEATTY

SUE CAVEY has worked at many interesting jobs, including one as a cook for a travelling circus, as she's supported her art training, which currently finds her enrolled at the Cleveland Institute of Art. Her recent collaborations with Harvey Pekar will be seen in *American Splendor*.

CAVEY

MAX ALLAN COLLINS scripts the *Dick Tracy* newspaper strip and is the author of the *Nolan* series of crime novels, of which *Hard Cash* is the fifth and most recent. Ms. Tree's adventures will continue after this issue in Eclipse's upcoming *Thrilling Detective Adventures*.

COLLINS

STEVE ENGLEHART is writing his second novel at his home in California. In addition to *Scorpio Rose* and *Sundancer* with artist Marshall Rogers, Steve is working with Steve Ditko and Steve Leialoha on *The Djinn*, a series tentatively set for *Fantasy Illustrated*.

ENGLEHART

RICK GEARY continues as a regular artist in *National Lampoon* and his "San Diego Sketchbook" remains a feature in *San Diego Magazine*. His stories have also recently appeared in such new comics magazines as Fantaco's *Gates of Eden* No. 1 and Kitchen Sink's *Bop* No. 1.

GEARY

PAUL GULACY is currently illustrating an 88-page story with writer Doug Moench which will be serialized in *Epic Illustrated*. He also recently completed a full color art portfolio based on the *Swamp Thing* movie, which has been published by Eclipse.

GULACY

LENNY KAYE is a rock journalist who turned professional musician, joining the Patti Smith Group as lead guitarist, while collaborating with Smith writing the group's songs. Lenny continues his career as a journalist and now fronts his own band, The Lenny Kaye Connection.

KAYE

DON McGREGOR is writing the bi-monthly *Sabre* series at Eclipse. His story this issue expresses some of his feelings towards living in Brooklyn. While there are also aspects of living in Brooklyn that Don enjoys, he refers to his native habitat in saying, "Rhode Island it ain't!"

McGREGOR

HARVEY PEKAR publishes his own comic, *American Splendor*, in which he has different artists illustrate stories detailing his life and experiences in Cleveland. Next issue finds Harvey teaming with his long-time friend, the redoubtable Robert Crumb.

PEKAR

LARRY RIPPEE is a San Francisco based cartoonist whose work has appeared in *San Francisco Comic Book, Corporate Crime, Arcade, Dope Comics* and *Eclipse*. He's also prepared a color xerox bubblegum card set entitled "Republicans From Outer Space."

RIPPEE

TRINA ROBBINS' work has appeared in such magazines as *Playboy, National Lampoon, Heavy Metal, Epic* and *High Times. Dope*, which began in *Eclipse* No. 2, will continue through issue no. 11, faithfully adapting Sax Rohmer's novel chapter by chapter.

ROBBINS

MARSHALL ROGERS is working on the 19-page conclusion to *Coyote* which appears next issue. Premiering in July will be the first issue of *Scorpio Rose* by Marshall and Steve Englehart, which will be followed by *Sundancer*, which boasts the return of The Foozle!

ROGERS

TOM SUTTON has illustrated comics at virtually every comics company during the past decade and a half. Known especially for his horror comics and H. P. Lovecraft influence, Tom has also illustrated such diverse features as *Planet of the Apes* and *Dr. Strange*.

SUTTON

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